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## REVIEWS

*The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club.*  
Edited by Boz. Nos. I. to IX. Chapman & Hall.

It has been a fashion of late days, we have observed, to christen a new favourite in the humorous department of literature, after one of the great pleasant fathers; and we have had War-Fieldings and Sea-Fieldings, and Small-Smolletts and Sea-Smolletts, time after time, until we almost get a-weary of the race. True wit, or true humour, ought to provoke no trace of relationship—ought to “mention no names”—it is, in fact, “wild wit, invention ever new!” or it is not what it assumes to be. A wit or a humourist should remind you of human nature—human nature in its vivid and lustrous colours—and not hunt you back to a foregone work, or a pleasant author-predecessor. The writer of the periodical (for such it is) which is now before us, has great cleverness; but he runs closely upon some leading hounds in the humorous pack, and when he gives tongue (perchance a vulgar tongue,) he reminds you of the baying of several *deep dogs* who have gone before. The *Pickwick Papers*, in fact, are made up of two pounds of Smollett, three ounces of Sterne, a handful of Hook, a dash of a grammatical Pierce Egan—incidents at pleasure, served with an original *sauce piquante*.

Let it not be thought that we dislike *Boz*, we like him, at fit moments, intensely. A relish is a relish, and a *Boz* served up at the time carries down the breakfast, or the part of a tea, inimitably. We are of opinion that, if not overdone, the ‘Papers of the *Pickwick Club*’ will tickle the palates of many of the particular, as well as of many of the deeply voracious. The author, like Fluellen with his leek—though the article he offers is strong, and to many offensive—has the knack of pressing it upon you, with an irresistible “Eat, look you, eat, I pray you!”—you must munch, though it “dislikes you.”

But we parley too much, and keep our readers too long from the work itself. The narrative is made up of the journal of one who tries, in a *treble X* style, to “chronicle small beer.” Mr. Pickwick is an old gentleman, of mild, enterprising habits, who gets up a small experience with coachmen, cab-drivers, and publicans, and who becomes a tender victim of vulgar pleasantries, *periodically*. Touches of character are, occasionally, admirably hit off; and, as our wish is “to do the agreeable” (as Mr. Pickwick’s pleasant Mr. Weller would say) to our readers, as well as to the author, we shall pick out a few racy extracts for immediate use.

The stranger, who describes a West Indian game at cricket, is an amusing specimen of a sweltering Longbow:

“The stranger, meanwhile, had been eating, drinking, and talking, without cessation. At every good stroke he expressed his satisfaction and approval of the player in a most condescending and patronizing manner, which could not fail to have been highly gratifying to the party concerned; while at every bad attempt at a catch, and every failure to stop the ball, he launched his personal displeasure at the head of the devoted individual in such denunciations as ‘Ah, ah!—stupid!’—‘Now butter-fingers’—‘Muff’—‘Humbug’—and so forth—ejaculations which seemed to establish him in the opinion of all around, as a most excellent and undeniable

judge of the whole art and mystery of the noble game of cricket.

“Capital game—well played—some strokes admirable,” said the stranger as both sides crowded into the tent, at the conclusion of the game.

“You have played it, Sir,” inquired Mr. Wardle, who had been much amused by his loquacity.

“Played it! Think I have—thousands of times—not here—West Indies—exciting thing—hot work—very.”

“It must be rather a warm pursuit in such a climate,” observed Mr. Pickwick.

“Warm!—red hot—scorching—glowing. Played a match once—single wicket—friend the Colonel—Sir Thomas Blazo—who should get the greatest number of runs—Won the toss—first innings—seven o’clock, a.m.—six natives to look out—went in; kept in heat intense—natives all fainted—taken away—fresh half dozen ordered—fainted also—Blazo bowling—supported by two natives—couldn’t bowl me out—fainted too—cleared away the Colonel—wouldn’t give in—faithful attendant—Quanko Samba—last man left—sun so hot, bat in blisters, ball scorched brown—five hundred and seventy runs—rather exhausted—Quanko mustered up last remaining strength—bowled me out—had a bath, and went out to dinner.”

“And what became of what’s-his-name, Sir?” inquired an old gentleman.

“Blazo?”

“No—the other gentleman.”

“Quanko Samba?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Poor Quanko—never recovered it—bowled on, on my account—bowled off, on his own—died, Sir. Here the stranger buried his countenance in a brown jug, but whether to hide his emotion or imbibe its contents, we cannot distinctly affirm.”

But our readers must know something of Mr. Weller, and of what he knows:—

“Delightful prospect, Sam,” said Mr. Pickwick.

“Beats the chimbley pots, Sir,” replied Mr. Weller, touching his hat.

“I suppose you have hardly seen anything but chimney-pots and bricks and mortar, all your life, Sam,” said Mr. Pickwick, smiling.

“I worn’t always a boots, Sir,” said Mr. Weller, with a shake of his head. “I was a vagginner’s boy, once.”

“When was that?” inquired Mr. Pickwick.

“When I was first pitched neck and crop into the world, to play at leap-frog with its troubles,” replied Sam. “I was a carrier’s boy at startin’: then a vagginner’s, then a helper, then a boots. Now I’m a gen’lm’n’s servant. I shall be a gen’lm’n myself one of these days, perhaps, with a pipe in my mouth, and a summer-house in the back garden. Who knows? I shouldn’t be surprised, for once.”

“You are quite a philosopher, Sam,” said Mr. Pickwick.

“It runs in the family, I b’lieve, Sir,” replied Mr. Weller. “My father’s very much in that line now. If my mother-in-law blows him up, he whistles. She flies in a passion, and breaks his pipe; he steps out, and gets another. Then she screams very loud, and falls into s’terics; and he smokes very comfortably till she comes to agin. That’s philosophy, Sir, an’t it?”

“A very good substitute for it, at all events,” replied Mr. Pickwick, laughing. “It must have been of great service to you, in the course of your rambling life, Sam.”

“Service, Sir,” exclaimed Sam. “You may say that. After I run away from the carrier, and afore I took up with the vagginner, I had unfurnished lodgins’ for a fortnight.”

“Unfurnished lodgings?” said Mr. Pickwick.

“Yes—the dry arches of Waterloo Bridge. Fine sleeping-place—within ten minutes’ walk of all the

public offices—only if there is any objection to it, it is that the situation’s *rayther* too airy. I see some queer sights there.”

“Ah, I suppose you did,” said Mr. Pickwick, with an air of considerable interest.

“Sights, Sir,” resumed Mr. Weller, “as ‘ud penetrate your benevolent heart, and come out on the other side. You don’t see the reg’lar wagnants there; trust ‘em, they knows better than that. Young beggars, male and female, as hasn’t made a rise in their profession, takes up their quarters there sometimes; but it’s generally the worn-out, starving, houseless creatures as rolls themselves up in the dark corners o’ them lonesome places—poor creatures as ain’t up to the twopenny rope.”

“And pray Sam, what is the twopenny rope?” inquired Mr. Pickwick.

“The twopenny rope, Sir,” replied Mr. Weller, “is just a cheap lodgin’house, vere the beds is twopenny a night.”

“What do they call a bed a rope for?” said Mr. Pickwick.

“Bless your innocence, Sir, that an’t it,” replied Sam. “Ven the lady and gen’lm’n as keeps the Hot-el first began business, they used to make the beds on the floor; but this wouldnt do at no price, ‘cos instead o’ taking a moderate twopenn’orth o’ sleep, the lodgers used to lie there half the day. So now they has two ropes, ‘bout six foot apart, and three from the floor, which goes right down the room; and the beds are made of slips of coarse sack-ing, stretched across ‘em.”

“Well,” said Mr. Pickwick.

“Well,” said Mr. Weller, “the advantage o’ the plan’s hobbious. At six o’clock every mornin’, they lets go the ropes at one end, and down falls all the lodgers. Consequence is, that being thoroughly waked, they get up very quietly, and walk away.”

Our bachelor readers may thank Mr. Pickwick for the following directions:—

“You have no idea how it’s best to begin?” said Mr. Magnus.

“Why,” said Mr. Pickwick, “I may have formed some ideas upon the subject, but, as I have never submitted them to the test of experience, I should be sorry if you were induced to regulate your proceedings by them.”

“I should feel very much obliged to you, for any advice, Sir,” said Mr. Magnus, taking another look at the clock, the hand of which was verging on the five minutes past.

“Well, Sir,” said Mr. Pickwick, with the profound solemnity with which that great man could, when he pleased, render his remarks so deeply impressive.—“I should commence, Sir, with a tribute to the lady’s beauty and excellent qualities; from them, Sir, I should diverge to my own unworthiness.”

“Very good,” said Mr. Magnus.

“Unworthiness for her only, mind, Sir,” resumed Mr. Pickwick; “for to show that I was not wholly unworthy, Sir, I should take a brief review of my past life, and present condition. I should argue, by analogy, that to anybody else I must be a very desirable object. I should then expatiate on the warmth of my love, and the depth of my devotion. Perhaps I might then be tempted to seize her hand.”

“Yes, I see,” said Mr. Magnus; “that would be a very great point.”

“I should then, Sir,” continued Mr. Pickwick, growing warmer as the subject presented itself in more glowing colours before him—“I should then, Sir, come to the plain and simple question, “Will you have me?” I think I am justified in assuming, that upon this she would turn away her head.”

“You think that may be taken for granted?” said Mr. Magnus; “because, if she did not do that at the right place, it would be embarrassing.”

“I think she would,” said Mr. Pickwick. “Upon this, Sir, I should squeeze her hand, and I think—I

*think, Mr. Magnus—that after I had done that, supposing there was no refusal, I should gently draw away the handkerchief, which my slight knowledge of human nature leads me to suppose the lady would be applying to her eyes at the moment, and steal a respectful kiss. I think I should kiss her, Mr. Magnus; and at this particular point, I am decidedly of opinion, that if the lady were going to take me at all she would murmur into my ears a bashful acceptance."*

Notwithstanding a hearty shaking of the hands, jealousy soon separates these best of friends, and the amiable Miss Witherfield hurries to the Mayor to give notice of an anticipated duel:—

"George Nupkins, Esquire, the principal magistrate aforesaid, was about as grand a personage as the fastest walker would find out, between sunrise and sunset, on the twenty-first of June, which being, according to the almanacs, the longest day in the whole year, would naturally afford him the longest period for his search. On this particular morning, Mr. Nupkins was in state of the utmost excitement and irritation, for there had been a rebellion in the town; all the day-scholars at the largest day-school had conspired to break the windows of an obnoxious apple-seller, and had hooted the beadle, and pelted the constabulary—an elderly gentleman in top-boots, who had been called out to repress the tumult; and had been a peace-officer, man and boy, for half a century at least. And Mr. Nupkins was sitting in his easy chair, frowning with majesty, and boiling with rage, when a lady was announced on pressing, private, and particular business. Mr. Nupkins looked calmly terrible, and commanded that the lady should be shown in, which command, like all the mandates of emperors, and magistrates, and other great potentates of the earth, was forthwith obeyed; and Miss Witherfield, interestingly agitated, was ushered in accordingly.

"'Muzzle,' said the Magistrate.

"Muzzle was an under-sized footman, with a long body and short legs.

"'Muzzle.'

"'Yes, your worship.'

"Place a chair, and leave the room."

"'Yes, your worship.'

"Now, Ma'am, will you state your business?" said the Magistrate.

"It is of a very painful kind, Sir," said Miss Witherfield.

"Very likely Ma'am," said the Magistrate. "Compose your feelings, Ma'am." Here Mr. Nupkins looked benignant. "And then tell me what legal business brings you here, Ma'am." Here the Magistrate triumphed over the man; and he looked stern again.

"It is very distressing to me, Sir, to give this information," said Miss Witherfield, "but I fear a duel is going to be fought here."

"Here, Ma'am," said the Magistrate. "Where Ma'am?"

"In Ipswich."

"In Ipswich, Ma'am—a duel in Ipswich," said the Magistrate, perfectly aghast at the notion. "Impossible, Ma'am; nothing of the kind can be contemplated in this town, I am persuaded. Bless my soul, Ma'am, are you aware of the activity of our local magistracy? Do you happen to have heard, Ma'am, that I rushed into a prize-ring on the fourth of May last, attended by only sixty special constables, and, at the hazard of falling a sacrifice to the angry passions of an infuriated multitude, prohibited a pugilistic contest between the Middlesex Dumpling and the Suffolk Bantam? A duel in Ipswich, Ma'am! I don't think—I do not think," said the Magistrate, reasoning with himself, "that any two men can have had the hardihood to plan such a breach of the peace, in this town."

"My information is unfortunately but too correct," said the middle-aged lady, "I was present at the quarrel."

"It's a most extraordinary thing," said the astounded Magistrate. "Muzzle."

"Yes, your worship."

"Send Mr. Jinks here directly—instantly."

"Yes, your worship."

"Muzzle retired; and a pale, sharp-nosed, half-

fed, shabbily-clad clerk, of middle age, entered the room.

"Mr. Jinks," said the Magistrate. "Mr. Jinks."

"Sir," said Mr. Jinks.

"This lady, Mr. Jinks, has come here, to give information of an intended duel in this town."

"Mr. Jinks, not exactly knowing what to do, smiled a dependent's smile.

"What are you laughing at, Mr. Jinks?" said the Magistrate.

"Mr. Jinks looked serious, instantly.

"Mr. Jinks," said the Magistrate, "you're a fool, Sir."

"Mr. Jinks looked humbly at the great man, and bit the top of his pen.

"You may see something very comical in this information, Sir, but I can tell you this, Mr. Jinks, that you have very little to laugh at," said the Magistrate.

The hungry-looking Jinks sighed, as if he were quite aware of the fact of his having very little indeed to be merry about; and, being ordered to take the lady's information, shambled to a seat, and proceeded to write it down.

"This man Pickwick is the principal, I understand," said the Magistrate, when the statement was finished.

"He is," said the middle-aged lady.

"And the other rioter—what's his name, Mr. Jinks?"

"Tupman, Sir."

"Tupman is the second?"

"Yes."

"The other principal you say has absconded, Ma'am?"

"Yes," replied Miss Witherfield, with a short cough.

"Very well," said the Magistrate. "These are two cut-throats from London, who have come down here to destroy His Majesty's population, thinking that at this distance from the capital the arm of the law is weak and paralyzed. They shall be made an example of. Draw up the warrants, Mr. Jinks. Muzzle."

"Yes, your worship."

"Is Grummer down stairs?"

"Yes, your worship."

"Send him up."

The obsequious Muzzle retired, and presently returned, introducing the elderly gentleman in the top-boots, who was chiefly remarkable for a bottle nose, a hoarse voice, a snuff-coloured surtouf, and a wandering eye.

"Grummer," said the Magistrate.

"Your wash-up."

"Is the town quiet now?"

"Pretty well, your wash-up," replied Grummer. "Poplar's feeling has in a measure subsided, consequens o' the boys having dispersed to cricket."

"Nothing but vigorous measures will do in these times, Grummer," said the Magistrate, in a determined manner. "If the authority of the king's officers is set at nought, we must have the riot act read. If the civil power cannot protect these windows, Grummer, the military must protect the civil power, and the windows too. I believe that is a maxim of the constitution, Mr. Jinks?"

"Certainly, Sir," said Jinks.

"Very good," said the Magistrate, signing the warrants. "Grummer, you will bring these persons before me this afternoon. You will find them at the Great White Horse. You recollect the case of the Middlesex Dumpling and the Suffolk Bantam, Grummer?"

Mr. Grummer intimated, by a retrospective shake of the head, that he should never forget it—as indeed it was not likely he would, so long as it continued to be cited daily.

"This is even more unconstitutional," said the Magistrate; "this is even a greater breach of the peace, and a grosser infringement of his Majesty's prerogative. I believe duelling is one of His Majesty's most undoubted prerogatives, Mr. Jinks?"

"Expressly stipulated in Magna Charta, Sir," said Mr. Jinks.

"One of the brightest Jewels in the British crown, wrung from his Majesty by the Political Union of Barons, I believe, Mr. Jinks?" said the Magistrate.

"Just so, Sir," replied Mr. Jinks.

"Very well," said the Magistrate, drawing himself up proudly, "it shall not be violated in this portion of his dominions."

We must now proceed to the Great White Horse, where Mr. Pickwick and his friends, wholly unconscious of the preceding circumstances, had sat quietly down to dinner:—

Mr. Pickwick was in the very act of relating his adventure of the preceding night, to the great amusement of his followers, Mr. Tupman especially, when the door opened, and a somewhat forbidding countenance peeped into the room. The eyes in the forbidding countenance looked very earnestly at Mr. Pickwick for several seconds, and were, to all appearance, satisfied with their investigation; for the body to which the forbidden countenance belonged, slowly brought itself into the apartment, and presented the form of an elderly individual in top-boots—not to keep the reader any longer in suspense, in short, the eyes were the wandering eyes of Mr. Grummer, and the body the body of the same gentleman.

Mr. Grummer's mode of proceeding was professional, but peculiar. His first act was to bolt the door on the inside; his second, to polish his head and countenance very carefully with a cotton handkerchief; his third, to place his hat, with the cotton handkerchief in it, on the nearest chair; and his fourth, to produce from the breast-pocket of his coat a short truncheon, surmounted by a brazen crown, with which he beckoned to Mr. Pickwick with a grave and ghost-like air.

Mr. Snodgrass was the first to break the astonished silence. He looked steadily at Mr. Grummer for a brief space, and then said emphatically—"This is a private room, Sir—a private room."

Mr. Grummer shook his head, and replied—"No room's private to His Majesty when the street door's once passed. That's law. Some people maintains that an Englishman's house is his castle. That's gammon."

The Pickwickians gazed on each other with wondering eyes.

"Which is Mr. Tupman?" inquired Mr. Grummer. He had an intuitive perception of Mr. Pickwick; he knew him at once.

"My name's Tupman," said that gentleman.

"My name's Law," said Mr. Grummer.

"What?" said Mr. Tupman.

"Law," replied Mr. Grummer, "law, civil power, and executive; them's my titles; here's my authority. Blank Tupman, blank Pickwick—against the peace of our sufferin' Lord the King—statin' in that case made and purwid—and all regular. I apprehend you Pickwick, Tupman—the aforesaid,"

"What do you mean by this insolence?" said Mr. Tupman, starting up. "Leave the room, leave the room."

"Halloo," said Mr. Grummer, retreating very expeditiously to the door, and opening it an inch or two, "Dubbley."

"Well," said a deep voice from the passage.

"Come for'ard, Dubbley," said Mr. Grummer.

"At the word of command, a dirty-faced man, something over six feet high, and stout in proportion, squeezed himself through the half-open door, making his face very red in the process, and entered the room.

"Is the other specials outside, Dubbley?" inquired Mr. Grummer.

"Mr. Dubbley, who was a man of few words, nodded assent.

"Order in the division under your charge, Dubbley," said Mr. Grummer.

Mr. Dubbley did as he was desired; and half a dozen men, each with a short truncheon and a brass crown, flock'd into the room. \*

Mr. Pickwick conferred a few moments with Mr. Tupman apart, and then signified his readiness to proceed to the Mayor's residence, merely begging the parties then and there assembled to take notice, that it was his firm intention to resent this monstrous invasion of his privileges as an Englishman the instant he was at liberty. \*

But when Mr. Pickwick had signified his readiness to bow to the laws of his country, and just when the waiters, and hostlers, and chamber-maids, and

post-boys, who had anticipated a delightful commotion from his threatened obstinacy, began to turn away, disappointed and disgusted, a difficulty arose which had not been foreseen. With every sentiment of veneration for the constituted authorities, Mr. Pickwick resolutely protested against making his appearance in the public streets, surrounded and guarded by the officers of justice, like a common criminal. Mr. Grummer, in the then disturbed state of public feeling (for it was half-holiday, and the boys had not yet gone home), as resolutely protested against walking on the opposite side of the way, and taking Mr. Pickwick's parole that he would go straight to the Magistrate's; and both Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Tupman as strenuously objected to the expense of a post-coach, which was the only respectable conveyance that could be obtained. The dispute ran high, and the dilemma lasted long; and just as the executive were on the point of overcoming Mr. Pickwick's objection to walking to the Magistrate's, by the trite expedient of carrying him thither, it was recollect that there stood in the inn yard an old sedan chair, which having been originally built for a gouty gentleman with funded property, would hold Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Tupman, at least as conveniently as a modern post-chaise. The chair was hired, and brought into the hall; Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Tupman squeezed themselves inside, and pulled down the blinds; a couple of chairmen were speedily found, and the procession started in grand order. The specials surrounded the body of the vehicle, Mr. Grummer and Mr. Dubbly marched triumphantly in front, Mr. Snodgrass and Mr. Winkle walked arm in arm behind, and the unsopped of Ipswich brought up the rear. \*

"Mr. Weller, habited in his morning jacket with the black calico sleeves, was returning in a rather desponding state from an unsuccessful survey of the mysterious house with the green gate, when, raising his eyes, he beheld a crowd pouring down the street, surrounding an object which had very much the appearance of a sedan-chair. Willing to divert his thoughts from the failure of his enterprise, he stepped aside to see the crowd pass; and finding that they were cheering away, very much to their own satisfaction, forthwith began (just by way of raising his spirits) to cheer too, with all his might and main.

"Mr. Grummer passed, and Mr. Dubbly passed, and the sedan passed, and the body-guard of specials passed, and Sam was still responding to the enthusiastic cheers of the mob, and waving his hat about as if he were in the very last extreme of the wildest joy (though of course he had not the faintest idea of the matter in hand), when he was suddenly stopped by the unexpected appearance of Mr. Winkle and Mr. Snodgrass.

"What's the row, genl'm'n?" cried Sam, "Who have they got in this here watch-box in mournin'?"

"Both gentlemen replied together, but their words were lost in the tumult.

"Who is it?" roared Sam again.

"Once more was a joint reply returned; and though the words were inaudible, Sam saw by the motion of the two pairs of lips that they had uttered the magic word 'Pickwick.'

"This was enough. In another minute Mr. Weller had made his way through the crowd, stopped the chairmen, and confronted the portly Grummer.

"Hallo, old genl'm'n," said Sam, "Who have you got in this here con-wayance?"

"Stand back," said Mr. Grummer, whose dignity, like the dignity of a great many other men, had been wondrously augmented by a little popularity.

"Knock him down, if he don't," said Mr. Dubbly.

"I'm very much obliged to you, old genl'm'n," replied Sam, "for consulting my convenience; and I'm still more obliged to the other genl'm'n who looks as if he'd just escaped from a giant's carrywan, for his very 'ansome suggestion; but I should prefer you givin' me a answer to my question, if it's all the same to you. How are you, Sir?" This last observation was addressed, with a patronising air, to Mr. Pickwick, who was peeping through the front window.

"Mr. Grummer, perfectly speechless with indignation, dragged the truncheon, with the brass

crown, from its particular pocket, and flourished it before Sam's eyes.

"Ah," said Sam, "it's werry pretty, 'specially the crown, which is uncommon like the real one."

"Stand back," said the outraged Mr. Grummer. By way of adding force to the command, he thrust the brass emblem of royalty into Sam's neckcloth with one hand, and seized Sam's collar with the other, a compliment which Mr. Weller returned by knocking him down out of hand, having previously, with the utmost consideration, knocked down a chairman for him to lie upon.

Whether Mr. Winkle was seized with a temporary attack of that species of insanity which originates in a sense of injury, or animated by this display of Mr. Weller's valour, is uncertain; but certain it is, that he no sooner saw Mr. Grummer fall, than he made a terrific onslaught on a small boy who stood next him; whereupon Mr. Snodgrass, in a truly christian spirit, and in order that he might take no one unawares, announced in a very loud tone that he was going to begin, and proceeded to take off his coat with the utmost deliberation. He was immediately surrounded and secured; and it is but common justice both to him and Mr. Winkle to say, that they did not make the slightest attempt to rescue either themselves or Mr. Weller, who, after a most vigorous resistance, was overpowered by numbers, and taken prisoner. The procession then re-formed, the chairmen resumed their stations, and the march was re-commenced.

"Mr. Pickwick's indignation during the whole of this proceeding was beyond all bounds. He could just see Sam upsetting the specials, and flying about in every direction, and that was all he could see, for the sedan doors wouldn't open, and the blinds wouldn't pull up. At length, with the assistance of Mr. Tupman, he managed to push open the roof; and mounting on the seat, and steadying himself as well as he could, by placing his hand on that gentleman's shoulder, Mr. Pickwick proceeded to address the multitude; to dwell upon the unjustifiable manner in which he had been treated; and to call upon them to take notice that his servant had been first assaulted. And in this order they reached the Magistrate's house; the chairmen trotting, the prisoners following, Mr. Pickwick oratorising, and the crowd shouting."

We shall give one specimen of *Boz* in a more sentimental humour:—

"Mr. Pickwick bowed low to the ladies; and notwithstanding the solicitations of the family, left the room with his friends.

"Get your hat, Sam," said Mr. Pickwick.

"It's below stairs, Sir," said Sam, and he ran down after it.

"Now there was nobody in the kitchen but the pretty housemaid; and as Sam's hat was mislaid, he had to look for it; and the pretty housemaid lighted him. They had to look all over the place for the hat; and the pretty housemaid, in her anxiety to find it, went down on her knees, and turned over all the things that were heaped together in a little corner by the door. It was an awkward corner. You couldn't get at it without shutting the door first. "Here it is," said the pretty housemaid. "This is it, ain't it?"

"Let me look," said Sam.

"The pretty housemaid had stood the candle on the floor, and as it gave a very dim light, Sam was obliged to go down on his knees before he could see whether it really was his own hat or not. It was a remarkably small corner, and so—it was nobody's fault but the man's who built the house—Sam and the pretty housemaid were necessarily very close together.

"Yes, this is it," said Sam. "Good bye."

"Good bye," said the pretty housemaid.

"Good bye," said Sam; and as he said it, he dropped the hat that had cost so much trouble looking for.

"How awkward you are," said the pretty housemaid. "You'll lose it again, if you don't take care."

"So just to prevent his losing it again, she put it on for him."

Whether it was that the pretty housemaid's face looked prettier still, when it was raised towards Sam's, or whether it was the accidental consequence of their

being so near each other, is matter of uncertainty to this day, but Sam kissed her.

"You don't mean to say you did that on purpose," said the pretty housemaid, blushing.

"No, I didn't then," said Sam; "but I will now."

"So he kissed her again.

"Sam," said Mr. Pickwick, calling over the bannisters,

"Coming, sir," replied Sam, running up stairs.

"How long you have been," said Mr. Pickwick.

"There was something behind the door, sir, which perverted our getting it open for ever so long," replied Sam."

The illustrative sketches are amusing enough, and a few of the early ones were from the pencil of poor Seymour!

We have spoken of *Boz* honestly, if plainly; but we earnestly hope and trust nothing we have said will tend to refine him. We do not want to be the weekly Hercules to his monthly *Antaeus*, because we are satisfied, that if he were once lifted from the earth he would lose much of his strength—he is not for the "cloud-capp'd towers and gorgeous palaces," for he could not be easy in them or near them.

*Portugal and Galicia, with a Review of the Social and Political State of the Basque Provinces; and a few Remarks on Recent Events in Spain.* 2 vols.

[Second Notice.]

The period when the author performed this tour, that which immediately preceded the return of Dom Miguel to Lisbon, was in every respect remarkable. The advocates of the old, and those of the new order of things, were sensible of an approaching contest; and they regarded each other with the feelings that such an impression was sure to engender. This was particularly the case in regard to the monastic establishments, which, feeling that their possessions render them the objects of jealousy to a numerous portion of the people, began to wear an appearance of gloom, indicative enough of their apprehensions, no less than of the fate in store for them.

Connected with the monastery of Alcobaça, the tourist has some historical allusions at variance with ancient authorities. As the errors they involve are very generally diffused, we may correct them; nor will the reader be displeased with the notice, when he perceives that they relate to one of the most celebrated personages in history,—Iñez de Castro:—

"It is scarcely necessary to relate the story of Don Pedro's attachment, so celebrated by all the poetry of Portugal. That Prince, the son and heir of Alphonse the Fourth, was passionately attached to Iñez de Castro, a lady of extraordinary beauty, whom he secretly married. He chose a lovely and sequestered spot in the valley of the Mondego, as the residence of his young bride, and, retiring from the turmoils of a brilliant Court, spent in that seclusion the happiest, and perhaps the most virtuous hours of his life. But the secret transpired, and his royal Father, enraged at the discovery, proceeded to their little bower of love, and, arriving at a time when the Prince was on a hunting excursion, immediately authorised the murder of the ill-fated Iñez."

It is indeed, true, that Pedro at length married the lady, but not until she had been his mistress for some years: in fact, when his connexion was formed with her, he was the husband of the Princess Constanza, whom, in a few years, his ill-use brought to the grave. The days, therefore, which he passed with the frail Iñez, could scarcely be the "happiest" of his life, since remorse must frequently have troubled both his hours and hers; and certainly they could not be "the most virtuous." Nor did the secret of the marriage transpire; on the contrary, Pedro, in the most solemn manner, asserted to his father Alphonso, that Iñez was only his mis-

tress: had he declared her to be his wife, her days would have been unmolested. It was the apprehension that he *might one day marry her*, that induced Alfonso to be so merciless. The connexion had been known for years,—by king, court, and realm,—before the resolution was taken to destroy Iñez. In fact, she had four children by him, all of whom were born during the lifetime of Constanza. This second marriage was in 1354, and in the same year, Iñez was murdered. “The little bower of love” sounds very prettily, but is unfortunately as erroneous as the other parts of the relation. Iñez was at the convent of St. Clair, at Coimbra, when the messengers of death reached her. The act which sent her to the tomb, will be execrated as long as the world endures; but yet we must not lose sight of either her guilt or his.

While on the subject of our author's errors, we may also observe that the Archbishop of Bregia is not, as our author asserts, “primate of the two Spains;” he is, in fact, primate of neither. In regard to the greater of the two, the honour has long been contested between Santiago and Toledo, and with an erudition so ponderous as to be somewhat soporific. The primate of Portugal is the patriarch of Lisbon.

That during the anarchy so frequent in Spain, bands of robbers should organize themselves and live by the open exercise of their profession, will surprise no one. But we must be greatly surprised when we read of men who, during twenty successive years, have ruled a particular district at pleasure, and have forced the local authorities to become their allies. Never was Highland or Calabrian chief, in the darkest period of the middle ages, more renowned than Don Jaime, the bandit chief of Valencia. On all passengers and traders within the compass of thirty square leagues, this man levied contributions, just as the Highland chiefs once levied the black mail. And in many respects he was superior to them: he was not a mere brutal warrior—he was an excellent politician. He might, indeed, like them, have seized the whole of the merchandise that passed through his domain; but, by so doing, he must have destroyed his own resources, since the same route would not again have been taken by the wandering pedlars or by the enterprising muleteers, who are at once carriers and merchants. The proportion of the contribution to the value of the merchandise was not exorbitant, considering the profession of the man; it seldom exceeded one-tenth; and the manner in which the tribute was exacted was no less agreeable than the moderation of the chieftain. “He conversed freely and good-humouredly with the plundered merchants during the examination of their goods by his partisans, offered them cigars to smoke, and wine from his embroidered goat-skin to drink.” But his popularity rested on other bases than either his moderation or his courtesy. He was benevolent to the poor; he not only protected them from the oppressions of their superiors, especially of those jacks in office the local functionaries of administration, but he frequently relieved their wants, paid their rents, avenged them of their enemies, and procured them friends. Often was he known to visit the haughty alcalde, and even the dreaded corregidor, with summary vengeance for the oppression of the people within his domain,—people whom he regarded as his subjects, and who certainly looked up to him with greater attachment than to Ferdinand the Beloved:—

“He had a peculiar pride in protecting that portion of the population which adhered enthusiastically to his cause; he would enrich with his spoils the most devoted of his subjects; and it was said, that in some instances, where an attached couple, belonging to families friendly to his partisans, had been prevented from marrying by the want of a certain sum

of money, he would remove that difficulty, bestow on the fair damsel a sufficient dowry, and suddenly appearing in his robber's dress on the evening of the marriage festival, would assist in the dance, lead down the blushing bride, imprint upon her cheek a salutation which, under the circumstances of the case, conjugal jealousy might well forgive, then resign her to the bridegroom, and disappear amid the loud applause of the delighted peasants.”

As, in addition to these acts, he absolutely paid the taxes of the poor, we cannot be surprised that they were always ready to warn him of approaching danger. Often was he beset by a military force; often, through their assistance, did he escape. Frequently, when he perceived that resistance was hopeless, he caused his followers to disappear, one by one, in different directions, commanding them to meet him on a certain day and at a certain place: seeing no enemy, the soldiers naturally retired; but scarcely were they returned to their former quarters, when they heard that the indefatigable chief was again in arms. Sometimes, however, though pursued to his mountain home by a force ten times his superior in number, he disdained to flee: he gallantly broke through the hostile ranks, and carried the war into the territory of his enemies. Woe to the poor alcalde who had dispatched the force! Neither a strongly fortified residence, nor a numerous guard, could prevent the ingress of the furious chief, who appeared at the bedside of the terrified functionary, and either bore him away or murdered him. No wonder that such a man, in such a country, was thought to be ubiquitous,—to be defended by a power superior to nature. But all glory has a limit. The government of the Cortes was somewhat more vigorous than that of Ferdinand; in 1822 a strong body of troops was despatched against him, and though he escaped on this occasion, he was at length apprehended and executed.

Don Jaime was not the only man who, even in these days, was beheld with a superstitious dread. There was also the terrific warrior, who, at the same period, when king and people were at variance, fought on the same side, of absolute power. Having spoken of the robber-children of Ecija, the infernal bandits of the wood, whose number, however thinned by strife, was always thirteen, our tourist observes:—

“Amongst our party all had heard of, none had beheld, the infernal warriors of the wood; and some had seen the invulnerable Trappist<sup>†</sup> rushing to war mounted upon his coal-black steed; high bearing in one hand the sacred crucifix, and with the other slaying at every stroke a rebel to the Church and Crown, while heavenly troops unseen averted every danger from his head, and Heaven itself directed every blow he struck. They too had felt the earth quake like an aspen-leaf beneath the iron tread of that unequalled steed; whose charge no son of man had ever yet withstood; whose flight was swifter than the swiftest arrow; whose step ne'er faltered down the steepest precipice; whose eye sent forth at night unnatural beams, to guide his master through the deepest gloom, yet lure his rash pursuers to their fate! Hunger and thirst were to that famous horse unknown; sleep never sealed his watchful lids; and oft the sullen death-beat of his hoofs, distinctly heard for twenty miles around, palisaded the hostile sentinel upon his midnight watch, for sure he was those dull dead echoes were the certain harbinger of ruin to the camp, and well he knew, the first of that predestined host, who hears the strange unearthly sound, survives not the approaching fight. It is difficult to describe the effect produced by these wild tales, narrated at the dead of night in a ruined building, by the doubtful gleams of a flickering fire, and addressed with all the energy of perfect faith to an audience as implicitly credulous.”

That, at a period so critical, when the motives of every man were suspiciously watched, our author, a man of rank (the Earl of Car-

narvon, we believe,) should hazard his person in some of the wildest parts of the Peninsula, is to us extraordinary. Several were the scrapes into which his rashness brought him. Thus, while wandering in Galicia, deviating from the route which his passport had prescribed, and asking injudicious questions of many individuals, he so much alarmed the authorities that his steps were traced, and he was at length arrested and brought back from Lugo to Santiago to be examined by the captain-general of the province. It was fortunate for him that he was personally known to the British consul at Corunna, or his imprisonment would have been grievous and protracted. Again, while in the south of Portugal, in 1828, a few months after Miguel's assumption of the regency, when efforts were making to raise that prince to the throne, though he had opportunities enough of reading the signs of the times,—though advised by his friends and by his own reason to retrace his steps to Lisbon, he persevered in his purpose and was arrested at Evora by a furious mob; and it was not without the greatest difficulty that the authorities could prevent his being torn to pieces. After a confinement of some weeks, he was released through the interference of our ambassador.

But dangers greater even than these had beset the author six years before, in the north of Spain. The year 1822, when so many Guerilla parties were in arms, was one of extreme agitation, in Catalonia and Aragon more than anywhere else. Nothing, indeed, short of madness could have induced our author to venture in these wild regions, at a time when no quarter was shown by Royalist or Liberal, when military law was proclaimed, when men who ventured out of their houses after night-fall were summarily executed. One morning, he and a relative, the companion of his freaks, while journeying from Barcelona into Aragon, were resolved to visit the famous monastery of Montserrat. At the same time they sent their travelling carriage by a circuitous route, while they ascended the steep mountain; and as if they were resolved to disregard all precautions, they left their passports in the carriage. Into the details of their reception by the abbot and monks, we cannot enter. After their descent, and while winding round the declivity in search of their vehicle, they fell in with a Royalist Guerilla party:—

“As we turned one of these headlands, we saw three or four men advance beyond the point which bounded the opposite side of the road, pause, retreat, re-appear, and suddenly fall back, as if startled, and doubtful what course to pursue. This hesitation did not long endure. A party of peasants broke from the shelter of the rock; shouting loudly, they desired us to halt, and keeping their eyes steadily fixed upon us, that their aim might be unerring if we attempted to escape, they came with their muskets to their breasts and their hand to the trigger, rushing towards us with the utmost speed. At first the extraordinary position of their bodies, half bent to the earth, from the difficulty of holding their muskets presented in course so rapid, the wildness of their dress, the frantic yells which they uttered, the irritation stamped on their countenances, and increased by the violence with which they came, rather resembled an eruption of savages than the charge of an organized Guerilla; but when the first tumultuous onset was over, they recovered all their native dignity. Their hair was unconfined, their trousers blue, their plaid dark red, and the scarlet bonnet of Catalonia fell far down their shoulders. When first they reached us, they held their muskets to our breasts, saying, ‘You are traitors! you are enemies of the King and the Holy Faith! you shall die! you shall die!’ They required us to give up our money; and in the first transport of rage dashed it upon the ground, saying, it was the gold of traitors! But when we assured them that we were strangers totally unconnected with the troubles of the times, that we belonged to that distant country whose sons had fought side by side with

<sup>†</sup> A Guerilla leader, renowned for his extraordinary exploits in the great northern insurrection of 1822.

them for the rights of King Ferdinand and for Spain, against the people who dwelt beyond those Pyrenees, that were then in sight, and to which we pointed as we spoke, they shook hands with us enthusiastically, and gave an unconditional promise that our lives should be respected. By this time the Captain, and a man who was apparently second in authority, whom we afterwards distinguished by the name of Lieutenant, had arrived. They were superior in language, manners, and education, to the surrounding group; they were not subject to the same fluctuation of opinion; they were less convinced of our innocence at one moment, of our guilt at another. They possessed more judgment, more reflection, and that moderation which generally arises from matured knowledge of mankind. \* \* When they had sufficiently examined us, they desired to see all that we had brought with us to the mountain. In consequence of this request, P— was obliged to produce three pistol balls that were by chance in his pocket at the moment. These balls effected an instantaneous and astonishing revulsion of feeling; they were looked upon as proofs conclusive of our connexion with the revolutionary army, and of the hostile motives that had led us to the mountain; they became as violent as before; some cocked their muskets, and were only prevented by the Captain and the Lieutenant from carrying their threats into execution. \* \* After some discussion, the Captain turned to us and said we had informed him that our servants had instructions to join us with the carriage at a particular spot on the opposite side of the mountain; that he would ascertain the fact, and that we should be judged by our own words. If our story proved consistent, and the result of his inquiries satisfactory, we should depart in peace; but that if the first proved inconsistent, and the latter unsatisfactory, he had no alternative left in the critical state of their affairs, as no quarter was given to prisoners by either party."

Our author and the partisans now proceeded along, he every moment expecting to become their victim. Every circumstance, indeed, seemed to betoken his fate:—

"We had travelled with them for a short distance, when we heard a rolling discharge of musketry from the valley below; the Guerilla turned, and listened attentively; it was again and again repeated. They knew by those sounds, and I knew also, that the long-expected engagement had commenced. I was aware that these discharges would probably continue, and could not fail to exercise a most unfavourable influence on our destiny—an anticipation quickly realized in their increasing irritation and change of conduct. Their countenances became sullen, and almost ferocious; many scowling glances were bent upon us, many threats were uttered, and they spoke of our guilt as certain. At length we heard the tremendous roar of the cannon; it was awfully reverberated among the rocks, and produced a strong sensation upon the mind of every man. For some minutes I had closely observed the Captain, who was walking near me, with the young Catalan, along the edge of the precipice. He neither paused nor turned his head towards the quarter whence those blasts proceeded. In spite of the exasperation of his men, and the indignant observations that were indirectly addressed to him, he fixed his eyes on the ground, and made no reply; his consciousness of those sounds was alone manifested by the determined slowness of his step, and the increasing gloom of his countenance. This peculiarity of manner was not the effect of indifference or inattention, but arose from a feeling of deep-rooted pride: hemmed in these fastnesses by the Constitutional troops who surrounded the mountain on all sides, separated from his companions in arms, unable to lend them any assistance in the hour of their greatest emergency; compelled to hear inactively the sound of that musketry which was levelling their ranks, and would soon be directed against his own, he would not express an impotent desire of vengeance before two strangers, whom he regarded as secret enemies of his cause; though, in default of better evidence, he had not yielded to the clamour of his band, and signed our death-warrant. That such were his reflections I have little doubt, from his manner, his subsequent conduct, and from casual expressions,

At all events, he preserved silence while the musketry continued; but when the loud roar of the cannon suddenly broke upon us, his countenance changed, and the passion that had long been gathering in his breast seemed at once to master his better judgment, as he turned to the young Catalan, and said that the Constitutionalists were at that moment exterminating his companions; that no mercy had been shown to the Royalists who were taken in arms near Tarragon, and that the circumstances under which we were captured justified the retaliation which he would no longer delay."

This was, indeed, an awful period of suspense. The party proceeded onwards—paused near a fountain—listened to the thunder of the cannon; and the wild character of the scene was much heightened by the passion-struck countenances of the men.

"Perhaps," observes the writer, "there was no circumstance so striking as the courtesy with which we were treated, at a moment when their passions were exasperated, and our doom almost decided. While the Guerilla were reposing under the rock, the Captain asked me whether I were not fatigued, and would not like also to rest; and Shocky, who was my guard, when he paused to drink from the numerous streams that intersected the road, always invited me to follow his example. While the Captain and myself interchanged a few words, the young Catalan, who omitted no opportunity of interceding in our favour, again renewed his advice against temperate measures; but the Captain turned aside, adding, 'No hay remedio'—'There is no alternative.' These words, combined with the calm determination of his manner, convinced me that his courtesy arose more from the delicacy natural to a high-minded man, than from any favourable change in his intentions; and in this light it was evidently regarded by his followers, who said, then and afterwards, in the Catalan patois, 'Estan perdut, estan perdut'—(They are lost men, they are lost men.)"

The efforts of the young Catalan to persuade the captain of the innocence of the travellers, were ineffectual. He ascended a hill, telling the Guerillas, that if he perceived the Constitutionalists approaching, he would fire a signal, and then they must fire on the prisoners.

"Soon afterwards I heard a musket fired, which I thought for a moment was the appointed signal; but was quickly undeceived by the manners of the Guerilla, who paid no attention to the discharge, and probably knew by the sound that it was unconnected with their companions."

But we must pass over the remainder of the narrative. The carriage was met with at the spot indicated. The captain declared that the rash adventurers were "men of honour and good faith"—"hombres de bien y de palabra—and they were suffered to depart in peace.

The length of the preceding extracts precludes us from offering further comment on the work, which we now commend to the reader. It is, however, to be read by political readers with all due allowance.

#### *The Correspondence of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.*

[Second Notice.]

We see no good reason why we should hurry past the Introduction to these volumes, seeing that it is so abounding in pleasant anecdote. Here are some interesting particulars of Fielding:—

"Only those persons are mentioned here of whom Lady Bute could speak from her own recollection or her mother's report. Both had made her well informed of every particular that concerned her relation Henry Fielding; nor was she a stranger to that beloved first wife whose picture he drew in his *Amelia*, where, as she said, even the glowing language he knew how to employ did not do more than justice to the amiable qualities of the original, or to her beauty, although this had suffered a little from the accident related in the novel—a frightful overturn, which destroyed the gristle of her nose. He loved her passionately, and she returned his affection; yet led no happy life,

for they were almost always miserably poor, and seldom in a state of quiet and safety. All the world knows what was his imprudence; if ever he possessed a score of pounds, nothing could keep him from lavishing it idly, or make him think of to-morrow. Sometimes they were living in decent lodgings with tolerable comfort; sometimes in a wretched garret without necessities; not to speak of the spunging-houses and hiding-places where he was occasionally to be found. His elastic gaiety of spirit carried him through it all; but, meanwhile, care and anxiety were preying upon her more delicate mind, and undermining her constitution. She gradually declined, caught a fever, and died in his arms.

"His biographers seem to have been shy of disclosing that after the death of this charming woman he married her maid. And yet the act was not so discreditable to his character as it may sound. The maid had few personal charms, but was an excellent creature, devotedly attached to her mistress, and almost broken-hearted for her loss. In the first agonies of his own grief, which approached to frenzy, he found no relief but from weeping along with her; nor solace, when a degree calmer, but in talking to her of the angel they mutually regretted. This made her his habitual confidential associate, and in process of time he began to think he could not give his children a tenderer mother, or secure for himself a more faithful housekeeper and nurse. At least this was what he told his friends; and it is certain that her conduct as his wife confirmed it, and fully justified his good opinion."

Here are a few more anecdotes illustrative of bygone manners:—

"The only event particularly interesting to Lady Mary that seems to have taken place between the King's accession and her journey to Constantinople was the marriage of her father, now Duke of Kingston, to 'the fair Isabella,' as she is called in the journal; in common speech, Lady Belle Bentinck, the youngest daughter of the late Earl of Portland, King William's favourite. She was one of the most admired beauties in London, and had long been the object of his grace's pursuit. Her previous history supplied the diary with a romantic tale, but Lady Mary did not pretend that it had come under her own cognizance, like Dolly Walpole's, or say from what authority she gave it. The heads of it were, a passion for a younger lover, and the combats and conflicts of love on one side, with interest and ambition on the other; until these latter gaining a complete victory, made the offers of a man who had three married daughters older than the lady herself appear too tempting to be refused. It is needless to add that Lady Mary was free from any partial feeling towards a mother-in-law who, as she supposed, aimed straight at becoming a rich widow. If so, she had not the happiness of being one long; for notwithstanding the disparity of their ages, she survived her husband but two years. He died in 1726: Lady Bute remembered having seen him once only, but that in a manner likely to leave some impression on the mind of a child. Her mother was dressing, and she played about the room, when there entered an elderly stranger (of dignified appearance, and still handsome) with the authoritative air of a person entitled to admittance at all times; upon which, to her great surprise, Lady Mary instantly starting up from the toilet-table, dishevelled as she was, fell on her knees to ask his blessing. A proof that even in the great and gay world this primitive custom was still universal.

"Lady Bute witnessed the observance of another, now obsolete, in the ceremony that her grandfather's widow had to go through soon after his funeral was over. It behaved to see company; that is, to receive in person the compliments of condolence which every lady on her grace's visiting list was bound to tender, in person likewise. And this was the established form: the apartments, the staircase, and all that could be seen of the house, were hung with black cloth; the Duchess, closely veiled with crape, sat upright in her state-bed under a high black canopy; and at the foot of the bed stood ranged, like a row of mutes in a tragedy, the grandchildren of the deceased Duke—Lady Frances Pierrepont, Miss Wortley herself, and Lady Gower's daughters. Profound silence reigned: the room had no light but from a single wax-taper; and the condoling visitors, who curseyed in and out of it, approached the bed on

tiptoe. If relations, all, down to the hundredth cousin, in black-glove-mourning for the occasion."

The following is a clever sketch of that strange woman, Sarah Duchess of Marlborough:

" Yet there was one very conspicuous, very assable, and very irritable person, whom Lady Mary, let her say what she would, in jest or in earnest, could never affront or offend; and this was no other than Sarah Duchess of Marlborough, so celebrated for quarrelling with all the rest of human kind. She would take in good part the most home truths if spoken by Lady Mary, who seemed to be out of the hurricane-latitude, securely stationed beyond the scope of those capricious fits of anger which she continually saw bursting like water-sprouts on the heads of her acquaintance. The Duchess also grew partial to Lady Mary's daughter: both of them were privileged to visit her at any hour and be always welcome. Lady Bute often sat by her while she dined, or watched her in the curious process of casting up her accounts. Curious, because her grace, well versed as she was in all matters relating to money, such as getting it, hoarding it, and turning it to the best advantage, knew nothing of common arithmetic. But her sound clear head could devise an arithmetic of its own; to lookers-on it appeared as if a child had scrawled over the paper, setting down figures here and there at random; and yet every sum came right to a fraction at last, in defiance of Cocker.

" She was extremely communicative, and, it need not be added, proportionably entertaining; thus far too very fair and candid—she laboured at no self-vindication, but told facts just as they were, or as she believed them to be, with an openness and honesty that almost redeemed her faults: though this might partly proceed from never thinking herself in the wrong, or caring what was thought of her by others. She had still, at a great age, considerable remains of beauty, most expressive eyes, and the finest fair hair imaginable; the colour of which she said she had preserved unchanged by the constant use of honey-water,—hardly such as perfumers now sell, for that has an unlucky aptitude to turn the hair grey. By this superb head of hair hung a tare, an instance of her waywardness and violence, which (strange to say) she took particular pleasure in telling. None of her charms, when they were at their proudest height, had been so fondly prized by the poor Duke her husband. Therefore, one day, upon his offending her by some act of disobedience to her '*strong sovereign will*', the bright thought occurred, as she sate considering how she could plague him most, that it would be a hearty vexation to see his favourite tresses cut off. Instantly the deed was done; she cropped them short, and laid them in an ante-chamber he must pass through to enter her apartment. But, to her cruel disappointment, he passed, entered, and re-passed, calm enough to provoke a saint; neither angry nor sorrowful; seemingly quite unconscious both of his crime and his punishment. Concluding he must have overlooked the hair, she ran to secure it. Lo! it had vanished,—and she remained in great perplexity the rest of the day. The next, as he continued silent, and her looking-glass spoke the change a rueful one, she began for once to think she had done rather a foolish thing. Nothing more ever transpired upon the subject until after the Duke's death, when she found her beautiful ringlets carefully laid by in a cabinet where he kept whatever he held most precious: and at this point of the story she regularly fell a crying.

" The only topic upon which she seemed guarded was what concerned Queen Anne, whom she never mentioned disrespectfully, but in general avoided speaking of; while she liked to dilate upon the first arrival of the present royal family, and would describe with great glee many little circumstances of their ways and manners which were new and somewhat uncouth to English eyes. She had had a nearer view of them than perhaps it was prudent to give her; for, at their outset, wishing to conciliate the Marlborough party, they invited her to a degree of intimacy sure to end in proving the truth of that wise saying about *familiarity* which we can all remember to have indited in round hand. The second or third time she had the honour of being admitted, she said she found the Princess (Queen Caroline) maintaining discipline in her nursery, where one of the children, having been naughty, had just under-

gone wholesome correction, and was roaring pitifully in consequence. The Duchess tried to hush and console it. 'Ay! see there,' cried the Prince with an air of triumph; 'you English are none of you well-bred, because you was not whipt when you was young.' 'Humph!' quoth her grace, 'I thought to myself, I am sure you could not have been whipt when you were young, but I choked it in.' Not being at all accustomed either to choke her thoughts in, or to stand in awe of royalty, she soon made her attendance more formidable than agreeable, and gladly returned to her natural vocation of governing others, instead of reverencing the powers entitled to rule over her.

" The most vindictive Highland chief never had so many feuds; but her deadliest, unlike his, were in the bosom of her own clan. To begin by her daughters: she was not on speaking terms with Henrietta Duchess of Marlborough, and Mary Duchess of Montagu. The two others, Lady Sunderland and Lady Bridgewater, had died betimes; and the children of the former were what she avowedly loved best on earth, especially Robert Earl of Sunderland, the eldest son, a man who deserved her partiality, and, as his date was short, did not outlive it. With the second, Charles, she agreed pretty well till he succeeded to the Marlborough titles and fortune; when *money*, that main-spring—hidden or manifest, remote or immediate—of all family quarrels, quickly produced a rupture between them. She laid claim to a portion of her late husband's personal estate, and the affair could only be settled by what is called an amicable suit: but for a suit with her to go on *amicably* was a thing about as likely as for an oil-shop set on fire, to be slow in burning; so the flame no sooner kindled than she insisted upon giving it full vent, and amused the world, by pleading her own cause in the court of Chancery. Among the property disputed was the famous diamond-hilted sword. 'That sword,' said she to the court emphatically, 'that sword my lord would have carried to the gates of Paris. Am I to live to see the diamonds picked off one by one and lodged at the pawnbroker's?' The new Duke's habits of squandering and running in debt gave force to the sarcasm; yet people smiled when they recollect that his younger brother, Jack Spencer, who, besides equaling him in these respects, made the town ring with some wild frolic every day, kept a fast hold of the old lady's favour all the while, and in her eyes could do nothing wrong.

" One more of her descendants must be named.—Lady Anne Egerton, the deceased Lady Bridgewater's only daughter, married first to Wriothesley Duke of Bedford, and secondly to Lord Jersey. This Lady inherited such a share of her grandmother's imperial spirit, as to match her pretty fairly, and insure dangers drawing as soon as it should find time and opportunity to display itself. But, ere the stormy season set in, the grandam had acquired her picture; which she afterwards made a monument of vengeance, in no vulgar or ordinary mode. She did not give it away; nor sell it to a broker; nor send it up to a lumber garret; nor even turn its front to the wall. She had the face blenched over, and this sentence, *She is much blacker within*, inscribed in large characters on the frame. And thus placed in her usual sitting-room, it was exhibited to all beholders."

Lady Mary, it appears, used to amuse herself by writing a history of her own times, which, however, she burnt as soon as done. A few leaves appear to have escaped the fire, and from them we shall collect some anecdotes relating to the persons who figured at the Court of George the First—and first of His Majesty:

" The King's character may be comprised in very few words. In private life he would have been called an honest blockhead; and Fortune, that made him a king, added nothing to his happiness, only prejudiced his honesty, and shortened his days. No man was ever more free from ambition; he loved money, but loved to keep his own, without being rapacious of other men's. He would have grown rich by saving, but was incapable of laying schemes for getting; he was more properly dull than lazy, and would have been so well contented to have remained in his little town of Hanover, that if the ambition of those about him had not been greater than his own, we should never have seen him in England; and the

natural honesty of his temper, joined with the narrow notions of a low education, made him look upon his acceptance of the crown as an act of usurpation, which was always uneasy to him. But he was carried by the stream of the people about him, in that, as in every action of his life. He could speak no English, and was past the age of learning it. Our customs and laws were all mysteries to him, which he neither tried to understand, nor was capable of understanding if he had endeavoured it. He was passively good-natured, and wished all mankind enjoyed quiet, if they would let him do so."

Here is an equally characteristic sketch of the Prince and Princess of Wales:

" The fire of his temper appeared in every look and gesture; which, being unhappily under the direction of a small understanding, was every day throwing him upon some indiscretion. He was naturally sincere, and his pride told him that he was placed above constraint; not reflecting that a high rank carries along with it a necessity of a more decent and regular behaviour than is expected from those who are not set in so conspicuous a light. He was so far from being of that opinion, that he looked on all the men and women he saw as creatures he might kick or kiss for his diversion; and, whenever he met with any opposition in those designs, he thought his opposers insolent rebels to the will of God, who created them for his use, and judged of the merit of all people by their ready submission to his orders, or the relation which they had to his power. And in this view he looked upon the Princess as the most meritorious of her sex; and she took care to keep him in that sentiment by all the arts she was mistress of. He had married her by inclination; his good-natured father had been so complaisant as to let him choose a wife for himself. She was of the house of Anspach, and brought him no great addition either of money or alliance; but was at that time esteemed a German beauty, and had that genius which qualified her for the government of a fool, and made her despisable in the eyes of men of sense; I mean a low cunning, which gave her an inclination to cheat all the people she conversed with, and often cheated herself in the first place, by shewing her the wrong side of her interest, not having understanding enough to observe that falsehood in conversation, like red on the face, should be used very seldom and very sparingly, or they destroy that interest and beauty which they are designed to heighten."

We may also, just to make the Court circle complete, give a sketch of the King's mistressess:—

" The mistress that followed him hither [Madame Schulerburg] was so much of his own temper, that I do not wonder at the engagement between them. She was duller than himself, and consequently did not find out that he was so; and had lived in that figure at Hanover almost forty years, (for she came hither at threescore,) without meddling in any affairs of the electorate; content with the small pension he allowed her, and the honour of his visits when he had nothing else to do, which happened very often. She even refused coming hither at first, fearing that the people of England, who, she thought, were accustomed to use their kings barbarously, might chop off his head in the first fortnight; and had not love or gratitude enough to venture being involved in his ruin. And the poor man was in peril of coming hither without knowing where to pass his evenings; which he was accustomed to do in the apartments of women, free from business. But Madame Kilmansegg saved him from this misfortune. She was told that Mademoiselle Schulenburg scrupled this terrible journey; and took the opportunity of offering her service to his Majesty, who willingly accepted of it; though he did not offer to facilitate it to her by the payment of her debts, which made it very difficult for her to leave Hanover without the permission of her creditors. But she was a woman of wit and spirit, and knew very well of what importance this step was to her fortune. She got out of the town in disguise, and made the best of her way in a post-chaise to Holland, from whence she embarked with the King, and arrived at the same time with him in England, which was enough to make her called his mistress, or, at least so great a favourite, that the whole court began to pay her uncommon respect.

"This lady deserves I should be a little particular in her character, there being something in it worth speaking of. She was past forty: she had never been a beauty, but certainly very agreeable in her person when adorned by youth; and had once appeared so charming to the King, that it was said the divorce and ruin of his beautiful Princess, the Duke of Zell's daughter, was owing to the hopes her mother (who was declared mistress to the King's father, and all-powerful in his court,) had of setting her daughter in her place; and that the project did not succeed, by the passion which Madame Killmannsegg took for M. Killmannsegg, who was son of a merchant of Hamburg, and, after having a child by him, there was nothing left for her but to marry him. Her ambitious mother ran mad with the disappointment, and died in that deplorable manner, leaving 40,000 pounds, which she had heaped by the favour of the Elector, to this daughter, which was very easily squandered by one of her temper. She was both luxurious and generous, devoted to her pleasures, and seemed to have taken Lord Rochester's resolution of avoiding all sorts of self-denial. She had a greater vivacity in conversation than ever I knew in a German of either sex. She loved reading, and had a taste of all polite learning. Her humour was easy and sociable. Her constitution inclined her to gallantry. She was well-bred and amusing in company. She knew both how to please and be pleased, and had experience enough to know it was hard to do either without money. Her unlimited expenses had left her with very little remaining, and she made what haste she could to make advantage of the opinion the English had of her power with the King, by receiving the presents that were made her from all quarters: and which she knew very well must cease when it was known that the King's idleness carried him to her lodgings without either regard for her advice, or affection for her person, which time and very bad paint had left without any of the charms which had once attracted him. His best-beloved mistress remained still at Hanover, which was the beautiful Countess of Platen. \*

This lady was married to Madame Killmannsegg's brother, the most considerable man in Hanover for birth and fortune; and her beauty was as far beyond that of any of the other women that appeared. However, the King saw her every day without taking notice of it, and contented himself with his habitual commerce with Mademoiselle Schulenberg.

In those little courts there is no distinction of much value but what arises from the favour of the Prince, and Madame Platen saw with great indignation that all her charms were passed over unregarded; and she took a method to get over this misfortune, which would never have entered into the head of a woman of sense, and yet which met with wonderful success. She asked an audience of his Highness, who granted it without guessing what she meant by it, and she told him, that as nobody could refuse her the first rank in that place, it was very mortifying to see his Highness not show her any mark of favour; and, as no person could be more attached to his person than herself, she begged with tears in her fine eyes, that he would alter his behaviour to her. The Elector, very much astonished at this complaint, answered, that he did not know any reason he had given her to believe he was wanting in respect for her, and that he thought her not only the greatest lady, but the greatest beauty of the court. "If that be true, sire," replied she sobbing, "why do you pass all your time with Mademoiselle Schulenberg, while I hardly receive the honour of a visit from you?" His Highness promised to mend his manners, and from that time was very assiduous in waiting upon her. This ended in a fondness, which her husband disliked so much, that he parted with her, and she had the glory of possessing the heart and person of her master, and to turn the whole stream of courtiers that used to attend Mademoiselle Schulenberg to her side. However, he did not break with his first love, and often went to her apartment to cut paper, which was his chief employment there, which the Countess of Platen easily permitted him, having often occasion for his absence. She was naturally gallant; and, after having thus satisfied her ambition, pursued her warmer inclinations."

*The Statistics of Sweden, from Public Documents  
—[Statistik von Schweden, &c.] By Carl af Forsell, &c.*

[Third Notice.]

The generally received maxim, that increase of population is to be regarded by a state as indicative of increased prosperity, appears to us to be extremely questionable; or, to speak more openly, we think that its partial truth lends it a plausibility, which renders it more dangerous when promulgated as a principle than a manifest falsehood could ever be. In estimating the prosperity of a nation, we must take into consideration the happiness and character of the people as well as their numbers. Poverty carries with it, to a certain extent, increased exertion, patience, frugality, and self-restraint; but when a people become so poor as to be perpetually anxious about their daily food, and to give up all hope and ambition beyond that of obtaining the mere necessities of life, they easily fall into a recklessness which is totally destructive of their social worth. That very recklessness gives rise to the possibility of an increasing population without increasing means. In order, therefore, to judge how far a nation is entitled to boast of its numbers, we must first examine the condition of the people, and inquire whether the humbler classes of the community are so far under the habitual controul of prudence, as to make their multiplication dependent on their actual prosperity.

If we examine Sweden in this manner, we shall find that the great bulk of her population have not yet passed that line of demarcation which it ought to be the chief care of the statesman to preserve inviolate; they are not yet within the sphere of that abject poverty which knows not the calculations of prudence, and from which it is so difficult to escape: but they hover too close to its limits. The lower orders in Sweden are, in fact, so poor, that but for their education, or rather their good habits, their misery would soon become irretrievable. Hence, as might be presumed, the increase of population in that country is slow. In seventy-five years, from 1751 to 1826, the population has been augmented not more than 55 3-17ths per cent., an inconsiderable advance in a country capable of supporting perhaps three times the number of its present inhabitants. The following table exhibits the increase in successive periods.

In 1751 the population amounted to	1,785,727
1750 ..	1,893,246
1772 ..	2,112,779
1780 ..	2,118,981
1785 ..	2,142,273
1790 ..	2,150,493
1795 ..	2,280,441
1800 ..	2,347,303
1805 ..	2,412,772
1810 ..	2,577,831
1815 ..	2,465,666
1820 ..	2,584,090
1825 ..	2,771,232
1830 ..	2,888,082

In the United States the rate of increase is such as to double the population in twenty-two and a half years. In Russia the period of doubling is 42; in England 52; in Sweden about 100; and in France 125 years. In statistical relations Sweden appears much less advanced towards maturity than Norway. In the former country the births are 1 in 28, in the latter 1 in 34. In Sweden the marriages which take place annually are 1 in 112, in Norway they are 1 in 130. The rate of mortality in Sweden is 1 in 34½, in Norway 1 in 48. Thus the average age of the population of Norway, where there are fewer births and greater longevity, exceeds that of the population of Sweden. It is remarkable, that England is superior to France in the maturity of its population, although it has a greater proportion of marriages and births; but still the juvenile and adolescent bear

a less numerical ratio to the mature population, because the average longevity is greater,—the mortality in this country, owing to the prevailing habits of cleanliness and the good police of the cities, being only 1 in 58, while in France it is rather more than 1 in 40. Ireland is, perhaps, of all countries in Europe, that of which the population is politico-economically the worst constituted with respect to age, or in which the number of children is always greatest in proportion to that of the efficient members of the community.

The rate at which population increases, and the value of life, differ widely in the various districts of Sweden, nor is it easy to account in every instance for so great a difference. Thus, in the department (Län) of Karlskrona, the population, in seventy-five years, increased 137 per cent., while in that of Stockholm, surrounding the capital, the increase was only 13 per cent. The great mortality of Stockholm, and the deleterious influence of that city on the surrounding population, are facts which deserve the greatest attention on the part of the Swedish government. In the five years from 1820 to 1825, the Swedish body-guard, stationed in the capital, lost by death, annually, every fourteenth man, a mortality equal to that of the West Indian islands in the worst years. It has sometimes occurred that every soldier of the three regiments of guards has, on an average, been laid up in the hospital three times in the year. The sickness and mortality, which prevail to such a degree among the military, mostly in the vigour of life and well clothed and nourished, must make fearful havoc among the humble classes of the citizens. Our author ascribes this great mortality to the immoderate use of brandy and constant inebriation: perhaps he might have added, the general dissipation of Stockholm during the long winters, when pleasure constitutes the only occupation of that city. If implicit credit can be given to statistical tables of old date, (which we much doubt,) the morality of Sweden declines as its consumption of brandy increases. The proportion of legitimate to illegitimate births from—

1775 to 1795 was 27 to 1
1795 .. 1800 .. 20 .. 1
1800 .. 1805 .. 17 .. 1
1805 .. 1810 .. 15 .. 1
1810 .. 1820 .. 14 .. 1
1820 .. 1825 .. 13 ½ .. 1
1825 .. 1830 .. 16 .. 1

We have no doubt that this deterioration of the morals of the people is chiefly to be attributed to the conscription, which made the rural peasantry familiar with the vices of garrison towns. In conformity with this mode of explaining it, the evil appears to have advanced most rapidly during the war, to have then relaxed a little in its progress, and at length to have yielded considerably, during a period of comparative prosperity, to the sober habits of peace. Our author takes much pains to calculate the chance of marriage which awaits the fair sex in Sweden, and concludes that half of the females who reach the age of sixteen are doomed to a life of single blessedness. Even in Sweden, then, where the population is not more than one-fourth of that of England, and where marriages are proportionably more numerous, not fewer than 24,000 ladies pass annually into the category of old maids. It seems clearly established in Sweden, as well as in this country, that although the value of life has been improved of late years, owing to the practice of vaccination, the better medical treatment of children, and other circumstances, yet that instances of great longevity are less numerous than formerly. In the middle of the last century the number of those who perished in infancy was far greater than it is now-a-days; but, on the other hand, the number of those who attained a greater age

than ninety years was then proportionally double what it is at the present time.

The aristocracy of Sweden, who at no distant period were absolute owners of more than a third of the soil, and who still exercise a predominant influence in the government of the country, do not amount to more than one 265th part of the whole nation. The burghers are also comparatively few, (not quite 32,000), while those actually employed in agriculture exceed two millions. The single circumstance, that in Sweden not more than one individual of every sixteen is exempted from the necessity of earning his food by manual labour, is sufficient to show what hard conditions nature has there annexed to the occupation of the soil. Of the distribution of wealth through the community, some idea may be obtained from the following tables:—

	In 1825.	In 1829.
Wealthy families.....	11,512	
Thriving .....	37,927	154,324
Having bread .....	364,040	
Needy .....	120,088	238,910
In absolute poverty .....		73,480
Total of Families.....	522,053	483,145

As the lines which separate bare sufficiency from need, and the latter from abject poverty, are in some degree of an arbitrary nature, the discrepancy of the tables need not surprise us. According to the first of them, to which our author is inclined to give the preference, nearly a fourth, according to the second above a half, of the whole community is in needy circumstances. Perhaps we shall not err much, if, reconciling the two statements, we infer that one-fourth of the population of Sweden are miserably poor, and another fourth not much better off. The meaning of the word *poor*, notwithstanding the arbitrary application to which it is liable, is in this place sufficiently evident, since in 1825 no less than 544,064 persons, or one-fifth of the population of Sweden, required relief. The rapid increase of pauperism in Sweden is an evil which our author seems to look at with reluctance. He is certainly not justified in seeking comfort in the persuasion, that equal misery exists elsewhere. Why should the details of the wretchedness existing in the lowest quarters of Paris teach resignation to the Swedish peasant? And as to the 'Statistical Illustrations, &c. of Great Britain,' to which Col. Forsell so frequently refers, that work was published at a time of great public depression (in 1825) and political ill-humour, and is on every account incompetent testimony as to a change uniformly taking place in the condition of the labouring classes in this country. Besides, we fear that pauperism is an evil peculiarly difficult to treat in a country where the bulk of the people are employed in agriculture. As to the general effects of poor-laws and of poor-houses we gladly quote our author's words. It is well to be able to array the authority of the sensible and impartial men of every country in defence of those sound principles of social economy, which so many are always ready to sacrifice to popularity.

It is with poor-houses, [says Col. Forsell], as it is with foundling hospitals and similar institutions, the more they are established, the more they are called for. In London, with double the population of Paris, there were between 1819 and 1823 only 151 infants exposed, and only 4,668 illegitimate children received in the forty-four poor-houses of the city, of whom a fifth were supported by their parents. In Paris, during the same time, there were 25,277 children exposed, and obliged to be reared at the expense of the State.

Again he cites, from a public document, the following emphatic expression respecting poor-laws:—"The more given, the more sought; and instead of systematic relief accommodating itself to the wants of the people, the want of the people adapts itself to the systematic relief."

The increase of crime accompanies that of poverty. It evidently costs our patriotic author an effort to reveal this painful truth. According to him, the offenders against the laws, in different countries, bear the following proportions to the entire population:—

In England as 1 to	740
Wales .....	2,320
Ireland .....	490
Scotland .....	1,130
Denmark .....	1,700
Sweden .....	1,560
New South Wales .....	22
The United States .....	3,500

It is difficult to institute a strict comparison, in respect to legal culpability, between the populations of countries not having the same legal systems, and in which the lines separating criminal from civil jurisdiction, as well as the chances of impunity, are widely different. Without wishing to enter into a critical examination of the numbers in the above table, we cannot refrain from observing that the number of persons found guilty of crimes or misdemeanors in Sweden in 1831, (19,374,) amounts to no less than the 153rd part of the whole population. It is true that in that number are probably included persons guilty of many petty offences, which in this country are dealt with summarily by the magistrate. But the subtraction of these, or the arbitrary rectification of the official statements in any way, is sufficient to destroy the justness of the comparison made between the official statements of different countries. Besides, the Criminal Returns of Sweden go sufficiently into details, to make it evident that crime is much more frequent there than could be expected from the general tranquillity of the people. We fear, then, that innocence has fled from Scandinavia, and that crime increases there as elsewhere. Its progress in this country is really a melancholy object of contemplation. In England and Wales the increase of crime in ten years, from 1821 to 1831, the increase of population being taken into consideration, has been 37.07 per cent., and it has gone on with a steadiness and uniformity which seem to augur its continuance. We shall not permit ourselves on the present occasion to enter into any discussion of this threatening phenomenon; but shall merely ask, with our author, is the increase of crime to be ascribed to the ignorance of the people? Col. Forsell, with whom we entirely agree, thinks not, and justly observes:—

This principle (viz. that crime is the consequence of popular ignorance) has not been satisfactorily proved; for experience shows, in North America, England, Switzerland, and Germany, that crime may increase in a country in the same ratio as the general education and enlightenment of the people.

Mankind are always ready to hail with delight the discovery of a nostrum for every disease, and hence the politico-economical pedagogues, who have cried up the rudiments of learning as a balmie restorative for the body politic, have been listened to with credulity; and the more so, because they preach with the confident and authoritative air characteristic of all who take the high *priori* road. It is not literature which makes an innocent, industrious, and happy community, but good habits and well-founded contentment. Before we quit this subject, we must observe that Col. Forsell states, as a remarkable fact, that the prisoners in Sweden are supported on the trifling sum of 2*d.* per day; or 5*d.* per day, the cost of clothing and medicine included. But is it not still more surprising that in this country the inmates of the gaols can be maintained at the small charge of 2*d.* or 3*d.* each per day? In the gaol of Ennis, in Ireland, the food of the prisoners, reported to be sufficient by the medical superintendents, costs only 1*½d.* daily per head. Connected with this must be viewed another statement of our author; which

is, that the great majority of the lower orders in Sweden are, in respect to food, cleanliness, and medical assistance, worse off than criminals in prison. If so, it is not to be wondered at that the prisons are full. All the world over poverty is in disgrace, and for those, consequently, who live in abject poverty, a prison has no further degradation.

While Denmark is burdened with a debt exceeding thirteen millions sterling, Sweden has the singular good fortune to be quite free from debt. This circumstance will enable us to reduce, within a small compass, our observations on her financial condition. The Swedish budget of 1829 amounted to nearly nine millions of riks dollars banco, or little more than a million sterling. But if all the revenues of the State, direct and indirect, be added together, they cannot amount to less than twenty millions riks dollars banco, or about two millions and a quarter sterling. This is a large sum to be raised in taxes in a country, the monetary operations of which are on so small a scale. It has been calculated, that every Englishman pays annually a fifty-sixth part of his share of the capital of the kingdom, or a tenth of his share of the annual production. These proportions, however, are much too high at the present day, the production of the country having increased, while taxation remains stationary. In France, the taxation is supposed to amount to a twenty-seventh part of the national capital, or to a sixth of the annual production; but in Sweden, the taxes amount to no less than a nineteenth of the property, or to at least a fifth of the annual produce of the kingdom. Thus, Sweden is, relatively to its means, much more heavily burdened with taxes than England or France. Besides, the pressure of the public burden, as we have already observed, is in that country very unequally and unjustly divided. The agricultural, that is to say, the poorest and least influential class, are overloaded, and are obliged to pay annually in taxes at least one-third of the produce of their land. If it be, at the same time, considered that these twenty millions of riks dollars are annually levied in a country in which there is scarcely any commerce, and very little money circulating, some notion may be formed of the loss and vexation to which so heavy a taxation subjects the people.

The standing army of Sweden amounts to about 33,000 men. It is singularly constituted, the soldiers being, for the most part, distributed through the country on farms of the crown estates, so as to unite at once the agricultural and military characters. This constitution of the army may tend to cherish patriotic feelings, but it appears to have a countervailing disadvantage, inasmuch as it may contribute to spread among the rural peasantry the vices of the camp. In time of need, the army is raised, by conscription, to 140,000 men. The Swedish fleet consists at present of 10 ships of the line, 12 or 13 frigates, and some smaller vessels. In our author's opinion, its strength ought to consist in gun-boats and steam ships, in the construction of which he conceives, we think erroneously, that Sweden may compete with England.

We shall now conclude, with a few observations on the Swedish constitution. The senate of the nation is composed of four chambers or assemblies, representing respectively the nobility, the clergy, the mercantile, and the agricultural interests. The first of these, or the chamber of nobles, consists of 492 members, of whom about 475 hold commissions, either military or civil, and, consequently, only 17 of the whole number can be regarded as independent of the court. The clergy of the second chamber, 57 in number, are bound to the court by the ties of patronage, which have never been found un-

availing. Two of the most eminent men of whom Sweden can now boast, viz. Tegnér the poet, and Agardh the botanist, were both warm advocates of the people till they were made bishops, when they both deserted the popular side, and became tools of the aristocratic faction which rules the court. Of the 47 burghers, nearly half hold some office under government; and lastly, the 122 members of the fourth, or yeoman's chamber, though they present a pleasing image of independence, are, in reality, not in such circumstances of life as to be able to hold out long against ministerial corruption. In fine, of 718 members of the diet, 554 are more or less dependent on the government, and the remaining 164 are experimentally known to be too weak to offer any resistance to the court. Thus liberty, though idolized by the nation, and fostered by the laws, is by no means protected by the constitution of Sweden. Let historians beware how they estimate the spirit of the north by its ill-contrived political systems—let them rather ascribe to the incompatibility of these revolutions which have so often agitated Sweden, and which have at length humbled in some degree the aristocracy of that country, after they had unhappily succeeded in depressing, almost inextricably, the humbler classes of the community.

Before we close Col. Forsell's excellent volume, we may observe, that he has more recently published (in 1834) the 'Socken-Statistik öfver Sverige,' or Parochial Statistics of Sweden, a laborious and valuable work, which entitles him to the warm gratitude of his compatriots.

## OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

*Jamieson's Domestic History of France.*—The worst fault of this book is its title, which conveys not the slightest notion of the nature or value of the contents. Mrs. Jamieson has compiled a very accurate and interesting survey of France, both topographically and statistically. Her work contains in small compass, the essence of the laborious reports on the state of agricultural produce and manufacturing industry in the several departments, published by the French government, and concise descriptions of the principal wonders of Nature and Art between the Rhine and the Pyrenees. We know of no work containing so much information respecting the natural and social condition of France.

*Thomson's British Annual, 1837.*—This is the first effort made to supply a scientific annual to the British public, such as our neighbours have long possessed in 'L'Annuaire par le Bureau des Longitudes.' It contains, besides the ordinary calendar, a well-selected set of tables compiled with great care and accuracy, accounts of the principal scientific bodies at home and abroad, with admirable reports on the progress of science that deserve to be regarded in a much higher light than mere compilations. The History of Magnetical Discovery, by Mr. Davies, is especially rich in original and interesting matter, and we shall look with some anxiety for the promised continuation.

*Bradford's Comprehensive Atlas.*—The general design of this work is good, and we think it fairly entitled to the commendation bestowed on it in America; but it is strictly American, and prepared with reference to American interests and feelings. For example, there are no less than twenty-five illustrative maps of North America; whereas we have only one of Great Britain, only one of France, with its thirty-five millions of people; and Germany is still worse

off; for, from the Baltic to the Adriatic, is included in one map, and Switzerland stowed away in a corner of it. Now, it appears to us Europeans, that France is of as much importance as North America, and that Great Britain, with her twenty-five millions of people, to say nothing of her forty millions of revenue, is somewhat more important than either Maine and its half-million, or than Florida and its tenth part of a million.

*Ramsay on the Distribution of Wealth.*—The most novel feature of this work is a defence of the law of primogeniture on economic principles; the most important, is a searching examination of the theory of profits, which removes much of the obscurity that involved that subject; though we by no means agree with all the author's conclusions, we must state that his arguments are urged with great clearness and cogency.

*List of New Books.*—The Andalusian Annual, 1837, col. plates, 4to, 31s. 6d. embossed.—Pictorial Album; or Cabinet of Paintings, 1837, 4to, 28s. embossed.—Lodge's Peacock, for 1837, 2s. cl.—Henrietta Temple, by the Author of 'Vivian Grey,' 3 vols. post 8vo, 31s. 6d. bds.—Lionel Wakefield, 3 vols. post 8vo, 31s. 6d. bds.—Beverley's Letters on the Present State of the Visible Church of Christ, 12mo, 4s. cl.—Family Prayers, by the Rev. W. F. Hook, 18mo, 2s. cl.—Raumer's Contributions to Modern History, vol. 10, 6d. bds.—Book of the New Covenant of our Lord Jesus Christ, by G. Penn, 8vo, 10s. cl.—Annotations to the Book of the New Covenant, &c. &c. by G. Penn, 13s. cl.—Statutes in Force relating to the Ceremony of Marriage, by H. Pearson, 12mo, 1s. 6d.—White's Natural History of Selborne, by Bonapart, new edit. 8vo, 18s. cl.—London Latin Vocabulary, new edit. 8vo, 16s. bds.—Archibald's Civil Pleading, 2nd edit. 8vo, 16s. bds.—Belcher's Interesting Narrative from the Sacred Volume, 2nd edit. 12mo, 7s. cl.—Tercentenary Conference, cum Notis Variiorum et Zeum, cura J. A. Gilpin, 8vo, 16s. cl.—Ramsay's Essays on the Distribution of Wealth, 8vo, 12s. bds.—Law on the Digestive Organs, 8vo, 3rd edit. 6s. bds.—Dickson on the Fallacy of the Art of Physic, 8vo, 7s. bds.—Thomson's Elements of Euclid, 8vo, 2nd edit. 8s. bds.—Barclay's Catechism, 12mo, 1s. 3d.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL FOR NOVEMBER.

KEPT BY THE ASSISTANT SECRETARY AT THE APARTMENTS OF

THE ROYAL SOCIETY, BY ORDER OF THE PRESIDENT AND COUNCIL.

1836. Nov.	9 o'clock, A.M.		3 o'clock, P.M.		Dew Point at 9 A.M., in de- grees of Fahr.	External Thermometer.			Rain, in inches, Read off at 9 A.M.	Direction of the Wind at 9 A.M.	REMARKS.			
	Barom.	Attach. Therm.	Barom.	Attach. Therm.		Fahrenheit.	Self-registering.	9 A.M.	3 P.M.					
						Lowest.	Highest.							
T 1	30.099	37.6	30.008	40.4	32	35.2	41.6	31.7	37.8	SSW	A.M. Fine—it clouds & wind. P.M. Overcast—it, rain & wind.			
W 2	29.942	42.5	29.895	41.9	39	47.7	52.5	34.8	53.2	SSW	Overcast—very light rain and wind throughout the day.			
T 3	29.840	44.8	29.679	48.2	39	44.8	51.7	42.3	51.7	SW	Overcast—deposition. 5 P.M. Heavy storm of hail and rain.			
F 4	29.570	45.4	29.451	47.0	40	44.5	45.2	40.9	46.4	SW	A.M. Overcast—light wind. P.M. Overcast—light rain.			
S 5	29.140	45.6	29.287	47.2	40	45.4	44.9	42.8	46.2	.122	(A.M. Overcast—light rain and wind. P.M. Fine—nearly cloudless. Evening, Fine and clear.)			
○ 6	29.459	42.1	29.439	44.6	36	36.4	43.8	34.0	43.8	WSW	(A.M. Fine and cloudless—light wind. (Sharp frost during the night.) Evening, Fine and clear.)			
M 7	29.631	40.0	29.722	42.8	35	35.8	42.7	32.3	43.2	.055	WSW			
T 8	29.978	38.7	30.049	40.7	33	33.6	40.6	31.3	45.8	SW	(A.M. Light fog—deposition. (White frost.) P.M. Fine and cloudless. Evening, Overcast—light rain.)			
○ W 9	30.010	41.2	29.909	45.2	36	45.8	48.6	33.5	50.3	.036	SSE			
T 10	29.614	46.3	29.621	49.0	43	50.4	52.0	45.8	53.8	.211	S			
F 11	29.390	47.4	29.429	49.3	44	50.5	49.4	42.6	50.6	.136	E			
S 12	29.821	46.9	29.863	48.0	41	41.4	46.2	40.2	52.0	.052	SW			
○ 13	29.687	49.3	29.627	51.5	45	52.2	51.5	40.7	54.9	.038	SE var.			
M 14	29.656	49.4	29.699	50.7	44	42.7	46.4	41.0	46.0	.216	SW			
T 15	30.011	45.2	30.033	47.6	41	38.1	46.3	35.9	46.7	SW				
W 16	29.964	47.3	29.800	49.4	42	46.7	50.2	37.9	50.2	SW				
T 17	29.475	48.2	29.434	49.2	43	46.7	47.4	45.2	47.5	SW				
F 18	29.103	46.7	29.172	48.0	42	40.8	43.7	39.8	44.0	.069	SW			
S 19	29.253	42.5	29.186	44.6	38	37.4	42.0	34.4	38.7	SSW	(Fine & cloudless—it, wind throughout the day. Ex. Fine & clear.)			
○ 20	29.784	42.2	29.917	43.7	37	38.7	42.8	36.9	42.7	.180	ENE			
M 21	30.119	40.0	30.071	41.2	34	36.7	38.2	32.6	41.5	SW				
T 22	29.960	41.5	29.889	41.8	37	38.8	39.2	33.8	49.5	.069	NW			
○ W 23	29.272	43.7	29.377	45.2	38	44.6	44.8	37.9	44.3	.163	SW			
T 24	29.479	41.4	29.528	44.8	36	38.5	43.8	36.6	43.6	SW				
F 25	29.732	40.2	29.558	41.3	35	35.7	39.8	33.5	39.3	WNW	(Fine & light rain throughout the day. Ex. Fine & clear.)			
S 26	29.356	39.8	29.274	41.4	36	39.7	44.0	34.5	50.7	.136	E			
○ 27	29.530	44.9	29.534	46.8	40	44.5	51.4	39.0	55.3	.158	SW			
M 28	29.267	51.8	29.303	54.0	48	55.4	56.2	49.2	56.7	.033	S var.			
T 29	28.954	54.2	29.384	54.3	51	56.8	49.4	52.2	52.6	.183	S var.			
W 30	29.516	51.6	29.536	51.8	46	48.4	49.3	47.5	49.3	.127	S			
MEANS..	29.620	44.6	29.626	46.5	39.7	43.1	46.3	38.7	47.6	Sum. 2.108	Mean of Barometer, corrected for Capil- larity and reduced to 32° Fahr. ..... 29.586 29.587			

\* Height of Cistern of Barometer above a bench-mark on Waterloo Bridge—83 feet 24 in.—Ditto, above the presumed mean level of the Sea—65 feet.—External Thermom. is 2 ft. higher than Barom. Cistern.—Height of Receiver of Rain Gauge above the Court of Somerset House—79 feet.

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## THE ATHENÆUM.

## TO THE MARGUERITE.

(*The day's eye—the daisy.*)

"If she could change, or I could change, we'd love  
Our lives away in silence,—scarce disturbed  
By whispers, such as hush the rose to sleep,  
Or kisses, gentler than the young sun leaves  
On maiden lips at morning."—*New Play.*

The beaming lady held me long in talk;  
And when, at last, her bright spells she unloosed,  
And I departed, I began to prize  
The flower which bore her name more tenderly;  
And, in the dearth of serious labours, strung  
Some idle rhymes together; such as served  
To show my worship; else, unworthy all  
The bright queen whom I sought to celebrate.

The Marguerite, the Marguerite!  
How much I love the Marguerite!

That opens its eye

To the eastern sky,

The clear, bright, gentle Marguerite!

Let lovers adore the red rose sweet,  
Let poets the violet's odours greet,

I'll love the flower

Of the morning hour,

The eye of the day,—the Marguerite.

The flow'r of the spring is the Marguerite,  
And the young birds sing to the Marguerite,

And the bright blue river,

That runneth for ever,

Comes murmuring 'round to her tender feet.

And the spear-grass tall, and the clover sweet,

And the cowslips fawn 'round the Marguerite,

And the wind of the South,

From its odorous mouth,

Leaves a kiss on the cheek of the Marguerite.

Oh! would I could change to the south-wind fleet,  
I'd hover for aye near the Marguerite!

Oh! would I could change to the radiant river,  
I'd whisper my love in her ear for ever!

But the world is wrong,

And evil is strong,

And so I must murmur an useless song!

this class I enrol myself, having no business here but to pay a sort of lounging, nephew-like visit, between curiosity and respect, to the Sister of my own Alma Mater.

Famil as well as national prejudice aside, the former is, beyond doubt, the more beautiful. Oxford has been entitled a "city of palaces"; it rather strikes me as a city of monasteries. Not alone are its buildings on the selfish-social plan of cenobitic establishments, where a great many members live together for convenience, and apart for the purposes of study, in the same edifice but distinct cells; the religious gloom of these edifices, moreover, the indispensable adjunct to each—a chapel, and the chapel-form of architecture extended even to their libraries and halls, give them a character decidedly monastic. Nor is this wonderful, as they were almost all founded in monkish times, for monkish students, and by a monkish hierarchy. Whatever be their appropriate designation, few persons seem to know how interesting a place, how rich in objects of delight to the eye and to the mind, they pass through every year, or live within easy reach of all their lives, yet are as unacquainted with as with *Irem*, the invisible city of Arabia. I can venture to assure the traveller, that there is no place in England which so much resembles a continental town, and he will not have completed his *tour pittoresque* until he has visited Oxford.†

A broad and noble street winds through the city in a serpent curve, disclosing, like the banks of a diabolical river, new effects as you proceed—building after building, from the grey and silvery turrets of Magdalen College at one end, to the huge keep of Oxford Castle at the other. Between these, and round the High Street as diameter, the remaining colleges, thirteen on the right, five on the left, as well as the halls, churches, and public edifices, fill up a compact circle of varied architecture. So thickly studded is one spot, the Ratcliffe Square, with structures of this kind, that it has become an Oxonian boast: no city in Europe, we are told, exhibits so many together. I am not quite persuaded that a view from certain points in the Eternal City would comprehend a less number, *ruins* being counted, on an equal area; but certainly even the great Forum itself has fewer undisjoined buildings of architectural grade, than are situate about the Ratcliffe Library at Oxford. Huge laboured blocks seem to have been cast hither in the same profusion as rubble upon cairns. I have called the architecture varied; it is for the most part Gothic, or, more distinctively, Norman, Pointed, and Elizabethan; a specimen of Lombard, some apocryphal Saxon shown to strangers, and rather too much of the impure classic, named Roman, aid in diversifying, if not embellishing, the scene. Epicures in the Gothic taste profess a disrelish for the later Elizabethan style in which several of the colleges have been rebuilt or restored; but there is enough of the picturesque about them to please the unfatiduous, and of congeniality with the Norman or Pointed, not to offend, as the Roman structures do, when adjoined to either.

Almost all the principal edifices being in a friable kind of stone, somewhat like clayish Bath, and the blocks not being set as they grew in the quarry, these accidental circumstances have anticipated the effects of Time, or rather imitated them, as if it were ordained that the City of Learning should always preserve a venerable appearance. Her buildings, by the action of the weather, have gone to premature decay, and thus obtained a look of greater antiquity. There has been this advantage in the evil; at least,

It is now above eighty years since Horace Walpole said, in a letter to the younger Bentley, "I can't go and describe so known a place as Oxford, which I saw pretty well on my return. The whole air of the town charms me; and what remains of the true Gothic *un-Gibbs'd*, and the profusion of painted glass, were entertainment enough to me." Yet, notwithstanding this city was "so known" at that time, and notwithstanding such a perpetual recommendation, as we have in Walpole, to know it, I have never met amongst English persons generally more than a *stage-coach* knowledge of it, and none much profounder even among students of the place. Londoners, who have been little famous at any time for the extent of their topographical information, seem as unacquainted with Oxford as they are with the Ocean. Those very friends with whom I went "a progress" to Oxford, who have made almost as many trips across the Channel as Dutch skippers, and once the *Grand Tour*, displayed no less surprise at the novelty of this town than if they had been dropped in the middle of Pekin, or the capital of Aztipodes Island.

to those who love the mouldering battlement and dilapidated turret better than the trim, cut-glass effect of modern structures. All Souls College presented, until lately, a good example of the advantage I mention: two graduated towers in the large quadrangle, had, from their ruinous and hoary exterior, quite the reverend air of Gothic architecture, for which they were always mistaken at first sight, though built after a nondescript style in the last age; while now, being eased with neat whitish stone, they have lost all their interest, and much of their fantastic beauty. We can no longer contemplate in moral mood their pinnacles, shaken, as it were, with the palsy of five hundred years, or see the sands of their life running down grain by grain—such romantic associations are now impossible. The restorers, however, were not in fault as usual, for a large fragment had actually been detached from one of these towers a short while since, and both were nodding to their fall. But, although the great quadrangle will have lost much in point of keeping and oiden appearance, it must ever present somewhat of a fairyland effect from its imaginative character, and wild intermixture of styles, especially when a little weather-beating has *restored* the new parts to their former tone of mellowness. Friend A— and I congratulated ourselves on getting a farewell look at the beautiful towers, now about to be immured. A—, who is a Fellow of All Souls, happened to pass through the town during vacation, as if for my particular satisfaction, and I being, with equal good-luck, not then sofa-riden, profited by his short stay. In a small ante-room to the Library (40,000 volumes strong), he pointed me out some antique figures, of exquisite design on glass, and a tripod found at Corinth, well worth observation. Crossing from the Library beneath an Italian arcade, you enter the Chapel, a fine old Gothic remain, built by Archbishop Chichele, the founder of All Souls, about 1437. Nothing can be more grateful, either to the religious or poetic mind, than the soft sweet gloom which sanctifies this chapel: you fear to speak aloud in the place, and almost to examine its details as a piece of irreverence and profane curiosity: yet the graceful proportions compel attention, and some of the best modern works in Oxford demand it here. A screen of the richest ordonnance, by Wren, partitions off the ante-chapel, but is of the classic taste, and therefore as much to be wondered at for its incongruity as its beauty; foil to the rich engoldened ceiling is a fresco by Thornhill—our best, because our only *frescante*; an altar-piece by Mengs, a "*noli me tangere*," excellent for him, and not made worse by Lawrence's repainting; some painted windows, of better effect here than intrinsic merit, by English stainders; and a sitting statue of Blackstone, by Bacon, cleverly wrought, but with the judicial frown, far too inveterate except for a Jeffries, bespeaking by its caricature want of true expressive power in the sculptor. Portraits of Chichele and Henry VI. adorn the noble Hall, as well as an interesting likeness of the canonical poet, Jeremy Taylor, and a bust, at second sight, of Chichele, by Roubiliac, less final than was to be expected. In the Buttery is a very curious piece of hierachial plate—Chichele's salt-cellar, 400 years old, silver gilt, sustained by a militant figure, and having a polished crystal cover. The façade of All Souls, upon the High Street, is quite new from the quarry, and has all the merit of that, together with being rebuilt after the plan of an old English façade at St. John's College, ascribed to the same founder. But the modern architect not having observed how much of this façade was genuine Chichele, has added, in imitation of that, a *third story*, which renders his work impure to the educated eye, and little pleasing to the unlearned. Loggan's primitive view, with which our Gothic architects, who dip into antiquarianism, ought to be familiar, might have given a better hint, if not a model.

From the great quadrangle of All Souls you pass into the Ratcliffe Square, upon that side of which adjacent to the College leftwards is the noble Gothic Church of St. Mary's. A tall and graceful spire, firm enough to sustain the vibration of its far-famed peal, seems nevertheless at the most picturesque stage of fragility, its surface broken into natural fret-work, and its hoary saints crumbling in their niches, or under their canopies. From the porch you enter,

\* The reception of this letter has been for some time delayed by the writer's indisposition.

to the right, Adam de Brom's Chapel, where, in a gigantic tomb, overlaid with a ponderous black flag-stone, lies the grand almoner of Edward II., and founder of Oriel College, to which this church belongs. It is also called the University Church, and in it the University sermons are preached; afternoon service, however, follows for public accommodation. I had the good fortune to hear those rare things from an orthodox pulpit—impressive sermons: the vicar is always of Oriel, being now the Rev. Mr. Newman, one of the most highly-endowed minds in Oxford and the Established Church. St. Mary's has, of late, undergone extensive remodelling: a handsome screen divides the chancel from the nave, which has been fitted up with a throne, stalls, and seats for the Vice Chancellor, and the various other members of the University. These and similar changes dissipate the antiquarian less than that churchwarden-taste for whitewash, yellowwash, any wash whatever, to paint out the native hues of stone or marble, the silvery and sable effects, the shadowy tracery which Time has pencilled on the walls. I could not help a smile when the sexton told me the church had been so gambouged in order to make it "*nice-like*"—churchwardens' taste is always for the *nice-like*. At one end of the nave I found a Flaxman bas-relief to Sir W. Jones, of no conspicuous merit. The great entrance porch, with twisted columns, and heavy mock-classic entablature, is as little creditable to those who put it up as those who suffer it to remain—it resembles an unsightly wen on the neck of a lovely woman.

Forming a third side to the Ratcliffe Square, you see the Chapel of Brazen-Nose College, with its large coloured windows, glistening in the horizontal sun-beams, like broken rainbows; and the portal front somewhat castellated; both preserving, though in later style, the picturesque continuity of All Souls and St. Mary's. For the origin of so bizarre a title, tradition refers us to a huge feature of the metal and name which adorned the portal—antiquarianism to the brew-house (*brasin-huse*) of King Alfred. Opposite St. Mary's Tower, on the fourth side of the square, is a lofty quadrangular edifice, containing, the "Schools" appropriated to different sciences; the Arundel Marbles, more instructive to the studious than amusing to the idle visitor; the Pomfret Statues, *ditto*; and the celebrated Bodleian Library. This quadrangle would be little remarkable, if it were not rendered very absurd: a gateway of the *Five Orders*—on top of which that royal and ridiculous pedant, James I., is seen presenting his works to *Fame* and the University, as if his ostentation needed exposure—thrusts in its classical clumsiness to destroy the Gothic character of the building. This court, nevertheless, reminds one a good deal of the antique Venetian, or Saracenic style, as seen in the Court of the Giants; yet I scarce know whence, unless it be from its lofty, shut-up look, and the exotic nature of its embellishments. A modest portal in one angle admits to the Bodleian stair of several flights, by which you soar to the renowned Library—a low, dim, bracket-roofed, H-shaped room, divided by table cases for illuminated manuscripts, or by tall double book-stands into little oblong cells, where readers may inhale the sweets of knowledge, and the sharp musty aroma of precious black-letter volumes, in almost perfect seclusion. Selden's Library, graced by his interesting portrait, the very beau-ideal of a scholar and a gentleman, as also that of Sir Kenelmen Digby, with its side-long look, so proper to this semi-credulous adept and occult philosopher, is in the farther jamb of the H. In other apartments lie the Gough, Laud, Heber, and Douce collections, with several more, all accumulated upon the old nucleus and site of Duke Humphrey's Library. To the left, you ascend into a three-sided corridor, looking into the quadrangle, and containing portraits of remarkable characters. Being hung too high, it would be dangerous to pronounce upon their merits, but some appear curious, and a few good; among them I would venture to particularize the Holbeins, though in bad condition, as well as a number of yet more antique likenesses.—Wickham, Wayneflete, &c. and various patriarchs of the Anglican Church; several Tudor noblemen, painted, as it were, on and in buckram; Lord Burleigh, in full official robes, upon a diminutive white mule, still more strange than curious; Charles XII.; Mary

Queen of Scots, interesting, and the eyelids full with tears,—imagined original; Handel, by Hudson, the only painter he sat to; Courtryer, a pleasing head; Dr. Wallis, a very tolerable Kneller; and Payne instructing his Son, by Reynolds. There are likewise here a small, nice copy of Raffael's "School of Athens," given to Giulio Romano; a stalwart bronze statue of Earl Pembroke, after the design of Rubens; several models of classic edifices by Fouquet, more elegant than exact; and brilliant splinters of stained glass, bequeathed by a liberal benefactor of Oxford in this way, the late Alderman Fletcher. Underneath the Bodleian is the Divinity School, built in 1480, with a ponderous grotesque pendentive ceiling, like the roof of a stalactite cave, repaired by Wren, who cut the handsome mitred door also into the court facing his Theatre. As a foster-son of the Learned City, he inherited the place of chief architect, but, for all his genius, I cannot help thinking with less advantage to her than himself. However, if her native style of architecture, so beautiful and appropriate, were to be supplanted by the low classic, it is lucky that a Wren had so much hand in the desecration. His Theatre takes grade as a masterpiece: it is considered the temple of his fame at Oxford. To my mind, in comparison with its professed model, the Theatre of Marcellus at Rome, it seems a poor and petty packing-box for three thousand people. As such, indeed, it exhibits great mechanic skill and mathematical economy; its flat, unproped ceiling is sustained from above on a beautiful carpenter's principle. An excuse may be found for its meagre imitation of the model in the want of sufficient funds: but no one, surely, will defend the facade, which appears to have been clapped on by some other hand, with the same architectural discernment as the blind Cyclops showed in blocking up the mouth of his cavern. Again, however, the grand, unforgiveable fault of this structure, was its being in the Roman style, at a period when the edificial character of Oxford was Gothic,—a fault which led the way for successive architects to deform that character still more, until it has become from many points of view a repulsive medley. I may likewise add, that the premature dilapidation spoken of above, as improving the Gothic edifices, injures the classic; a row of Cesarean busts, flanking the Theatre, resemble so many Saracens' heads, impaled for disfigurement by all good Christians and the weather. Next the Theatre is another architectural eyesore, the Clarendon Press, by Vanbrugh: contrasted, however, with Wren's fabric, its mass and simplicity give it advantage.

The side-porch into the Ashmolean Museum, has perhaps more of the real sublime about it than either; it is of a broad, bold arch, and impending entablature, which bestow a greatness upon it, that causes it, although of common dimensions, to look colossal. Wren is here the architect of St. Paul's. In the Museum, which ought to be called the Tradescant, as founded by father and son of that name, though augmented by Elias Ashmole, there are rarities select rather than numerous: those invaluable MSS. of Aubrey, Dugdale, and Antony à Wood; a jewel-amulet of Alfred the Great, discovered at his Athelney retreat; an ancient *Peg Tankard*, elucidating our primitive orgies; Cromwell's and Queen Elizabeth's pocket-watches; a magnet supporting 150 pounds; the head of a Dodo, an unique specimen; the head of Mary Davis, also unique, being represented with a horn above its ear—the actual horn of this she-Ammon, curling like a sheep's, about three inches long, attests the fidelity of the portrait. Less singular portraits, but more attractive, are those of Sir John Suckling, two Vandyke Charleses, and the Tradescant family, by Dobson, (*Vandykish*), with others upon the stair.

Returning past the Theatre, through the court of the Schools, into the Ratcliffe Square, your admiration is called on by another huge "classic" building, the Ratcliffe Library, by Gibbs, architect of St. Martin's. It has somewhat the effect of the *Salute* at Venice, consisting of a drum and dome in the unwieldy fantastic style, with Greekish-grotesque ornaments upon the roof, stone urns like a mausoleum, large stone scrolls as crampers, and a lantern a-top, which does not add to the lightness. I must here, again, deplore the perverted taste (for it is not yet out of vogue) which allowed this pseudo-classic, Dutch rotunda, to squelch its inelegant bulk down

in the middle of so picturesquely graceful a square. Such taste is the really *Gothic*. A set of vaulted vacancies for the basement story, and one cupola-room above, vacant too, but for a lodging of bookcases round it, form the whole interior; as if the great aim of the builder had been to heap emptiness upon emptiness, (neither of which can be filled,) for the accommodation, and characteristic, of a Library! There is, however, a fine view from the *leads*.

Exeter College, with its new Elizabethan front, has its back upon the Museum, and is chiefly remarkable for its deep, majestic esplanade, overhung by lofty trees and the pinnacles of the Bodleian. Along the buttresses of this latter edifice, ivy and other nook-loving shrubs have crept, with a quiet ambition to surmount what supports them, towards the Selden window, their masses of dark green foliage beneath forming recesses fit for the scholar's rustic chair and placid meditation. Opposite to Exeter front stands the modest Welsh foundation, Jesus College, enriched with Cambrian MSS. and curiosities: in the Hall is a dry old portrait of Elizabeth; a very good Vandyke Charles I.; a Sir Eubule Thelwall and mother—good also; and a very middling Mr. Nash, the architect, by Lawrence.

Let us now go back, by the square, into a lane at the rear of All Souls, which leads to William of Wykeham's College. This celebrated fabric, once the most modern college, as appears from its premon—*New*, given by its founder, is now, perhaps, the most ancient, and better deserves the title of *Old*. I speak of the entrance quadrangle, which contains the beautiful Chapel and principal buildings; although even this part has been sadly metamorphosed by those cobbling architects—the adapters; an ex-crescent story has been added, and the little studious antique windows, set deep in the walls of grey stone, are squared and glazed after the fashionable mode, without a single attempt to preserve costume, or to harmonize the tasteful with the convenient. As for the smaller court, it is in the very worst second-hand style of Louis-Quatorze architecture; it perplexes as well as grieves one to think how the commonest element of fabrication—symmetry—should not have prevented this adulterous union of styles which it proscribes; no imitation of the Old-English, however awkward and unlucky, could have been half so offensive, as bolstering up the Pointed with the Gallo-classic. A later and better taste designed the garden, to which this "Court of Versailles, without the colonnade" faces; it is small, but laid out with simple elegance, has a bowling-green, a noble rank of lindens, and an ivy-mantled wall,—taking into its picture, besides, the adjacent Gothic turret of St. Peter's, and the stupendous elms of Magdalen College in the distance. Little, alas! remains of Wykeham's original chapel, save the outside walls; it was reduced to a mass of mutilated beauties by Reform in 1550, and has scarce been restored to its ancient perfection by conjectural emendation in 1789. However, it presents a striking interior of the mimic Gothic: Westmacott's pretty relief over the communion-table; Wykeham's proud symbol of humility, the pastoral staff, exquisite in design and workmanship; an elaborate filigree organ-loft; and pointed windows as brilliant with colours as peacock-trains, after the Flemish school, adorn the inner chapel. In the outer are stained lights, of the quilted species, and of earlier, purer design; but here Sir Joshua Reynolds's "Nativity," painted by Jervais, on the great west window, is chiefly attractive by its size and splendour. Its composition seems, at most, a judicious plagiarism, having much of the famous "Notte" effect; its colouring is right Sir Joshua—rich brunette, and red blackening off into the shadows. Beneath are Allegorical Figures, better than what they serve to decorate, but quite à la Reynolds also, full of grace, and glowing beauty, and unfitness for a church. The cloisters lay claim to high antiquity, yet look as common-place as if they were modern. Over the Hall porch is a statue of the Virgin, my daily Cynosure and protestant shrine, for the ineffable sweetness of expression and simple grace of attitude which artistic genius, inspired by religious fervour, was ever certain to produce in olden times. There is but one more beautiful statue than this at Oxford, which I shall specify hereafter.

Separated by the above lane from New College, and immediately behind All Souls, we have Queen's

—an edifice of some grandeur, but anti-Oxonian of style. It is likened to the 'Luxembourg' in that same vein of compliment as New College inner court to 'Versailles.' Wren has the dubious glory of it, and the disgrace of an open cage for Queen Caroline I., perched on the front colonnade, a piece of *Dresden* potter-work he could never have designed. Some old questionable portraits of our kings decorate a dark lobby, and a capital Queen Charlotte, by Reynolds, the Hall. Wren's sub-talent, for what may be entitled handsome architecture, as seen in his commoner buildings, evinces itself in the Library, a sound, plain, parallel-pipedon, mathematical, majestic enough, and no more: two portraits on glass of Henry V. and Cardinal Beaufort, give an object within to the passing visitor. In the Buttery is Queen Philippa's double-quart drinking horn, a present, not an utensil, of that princess, graven with the word *Waceyl*, identifying the wassail-bowl of our ancient bards and ballads.

To this large knot of public edifices appends itself the church of St. Peter's, very old and very little, as if age had shrunk and withered it from a size commensurate with its importance, for it presides the most extensive parish in Oxford. It is of hybrid architecture, the pointed and circular mixed, but all antique, though perhaps less so than presumed. The tower some pronounce to be Saxon, and such it will be thought by those *dilettanti* who have better ears than eyes; it is nevertheless, of venerable rubble, and has a cornice of early design, if not execution. The Crypt also, is vaulted upon four ranges of columns, stunted enough to be Saxon; the groining has a marvellous sharpness for so great an age. In a square hole, now like an empty fireplace, St. Grymbald had determined to set up his tomb, but, quarrelling with the scholars, grew churlish of his relics, and set off in a huff to be buried at Winchester. The Crypt, however apocryphal, is very old. Thomas Hearne, the enthusiastic antiquarian, mingles with his beloved dust in the churchyard; he sleeps, appositely, beneath the shadow of two very primitive conic pinnacles, and the evening glance of an old Gothic window. Restoration is busy with the interior of the church: I hope to its advantage. Cross arches of zig-zag ornaments, and circular lights, in the chancel, seem to declare this part early Norman, if not Saxon; but the pointed style intermingles here, and predominates everywhere else. A picturesque little side-portal, containing a beautiful Saxon door within, embellishes one end of the pile, and a parapet over a fine corbel-table the other. I avoid technical terms as much as possible, for my own, and, perhaps, my reader's convenience.

#### OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP ON LITERATURE AND ART.

We were about to perplex our brains to know what we were to gossip about, our readers, it being presumed, taking no interest in the rise and fall of stocks or states, price of wheat, or the price of Muscovado sugar, or the monetary system, or any other system or no-system, when the following letter arrived from Paris; and, as we could, at this the last hour, find no other place for it, we thought a little gossip about the musical doings in Paris might be as acceptable as our own dull catalogue of promises.

"Within three hours of my arrival, I found myself at the *table d'hôte*, deep in a discussion about this new opera, 'Esmeralda,' the music by Madlle. Bertin, and became so far enkindled in the progress of debate and the dinner, that it ended in my creeping into the *parterre* in the Rue Lepelletier, instead of creeping into bed. 'La Esmeralda' may be speedily dismissed: it is dead already—safe for the memory of the cabal which brought it forward, and which may perhaps thrust it before the public for yet a representation or two more. The tale (strange to say) has been spoiled by Victor Hugo himself, who has dramatized it; and the music is feeble and familiar enough for any young lady to have written. But, then, it was a delight to hear the magnificent orchestra, and a positive enchantment to see the stage crowded with a chorus, singing in tune. It was not, however, till I heard the full power of the first in Meyerbeer's elaborate and difficult music, and till I had enjoyed the gorgeous and appropriate spectacle of 'The Huguenots,' that I could say that I had heard or seen a French opera. A word on this much-

talked-over composition: it is scientific, clever, complicated, grand from the numerical strength employed in bringing it forward—and, as such, must always please the intellectual amateur: but it is not a work of genius; the tailor and scene-painter have their share in its success. Meyerbeer must have felt when writing it, that, compared with the musical inventors of Europe, his measure of original inspiration is but a twinkling light by the side of a noonday sun; so he carried about his little spark from place to place for two long years, to nurse it and encourage it, changing and re-changing his phrases and combinations—in one place, to gain an effect, calling in half-a-dozen second-rate *sujets* to swell a *septuor*—in another, availing himself of an orchestra of harps to celestialize what would otherwise be but a commonplace trio. This manner of writing for a theatre, whose resources so far transcend those of other European establishments, must make his success local and ephemeral: hear but two chords of Handel's shouted by a country choir, or one of Rossini's *motifs* drawled out on a hand-organ, and you have the merits of the several composers rightly classed at once, and incontrovertibly. To come back from generals to details, I must say a word or two more about the orchestra here, which is, unquestionably, the finest I have yet heard: it is much more numerous in its proportion of stringed instruments than ours, and gains in effect and concentration by being arranged in a square rather than a stripe before the curtain. As for the wind instruments, on which we are accustomed to pique ourselves, those of the French band are, as a body, more delicate, more ready, and more certain than ours. The principal singers, Nourrit and Levasseur, are sufficiently well known in London; the name of Mademoiselle Falcon, however, is little mentioned among us, and yet she deserves to be well known as a dramatic singer of the grand school, with a voice pure, extensive, and reasonably full, and a warmth and force of conception, such as may raise her, should her physical powers remain unimpaired, to take her place among the greatest lyric *artistes* of Europe. The next opera which is to be presented, is the 'Stradella,' by M. Niedermayer, but this will hardly be ready before February. I have heard snatches of the music in private, which promise well; the story is an admirable one for dramatic and musical purposes. Nourrit, *en dit*, leaves the theatre early in spring, to be replaced by Duprez. These are important matters here!

"I had another and most interesting opportunity of comparing our best English with a good French orchestra, the other morning, at Habeneck's Concert, where I heard a very choice band play Beethoven's Symphony in e minor. The instruments were, to my eye, oddly arranged, the violins being all on a flat level in front, and behind, raised on steps, the wind and brass instruments, and the bass-stringed instruments, each occupying its distinct half of the orchestra. But, the effect of this completely new arrangement was, in the main, very little different from that of our Philharmonic orchestra. The Symphony went gloriously, especially in all the parts where precision, care, and delicacy are most required: the slow movement might have been more expressively played, but I am perhaps hypercritical. At this concert, too, I heard a young violinist, Alard, execute a very difficult Rondo *alla Spagnuola*, by Habeneck, in first-rate style: we have none such among our *élèves*. Perhaps his tone had too much of the *quill* of the old harpsichord; and a tendency to this clear and nasal tone may be noted, so far as I have heard, as generally characteristic of French music. The love for piquancy, so noticeable in the national character, makes clearness and point essential to their singers and instrumentalists; and, while it delivers them from the slovenliness, and sluggishness, and want of school, which is the general reproach of our English musicians, it may, at times, drive them into shrillness and conceit, at the expense of melody and true expression.

"While thus generalizing (and, be it remembered, these are impressions only—not criticisms), I cannot but venture another remark, that the sole religion of the French is just now the religion of Art! It is impossible not to be struck with the rapt, impressed faces, and intelligent too, in spite of the universal moustache masquerade which is here alike applied

to all complexions and physiognomies, which one sees in dozens drinking in the music of the opera, and devouring the pictures at the Louvre,—with the tone of reverence in which the names of Michael Angelo and Beethoven are uttered,—while the churches are lonely wildernesses, and the Bible furnishes *tableaux* for the Théâtre de la Porte St. Martin. I was this morning addressed (while looking at the magnificent arch at the Barrière de l'Etoile) by a spectator in a *frotteur*, with a searching inquiry, whether I did not think *vraisemblance* had been lost for the sake of classical correctness in one group, the gigantic figures of which were undraped; and I was, ten minutes ago, looking over a concert-bill, in which even my fancy of *picture-music* was pushed to a caricature, as it contained sighs, tears, *bals champêtres*, witches' Sabbaths, and what not. The spirit of Hoffmann, the most visionary of Germans, has, as you know, entered into some of the artistic cities; and, two nights since, when I went to the Opéra Comique in search of Cinti-Damoreau's silver voice and flute-like cadences, I stumbled upon a little piece, 'Le Luttrier de Vienne,' which is nothing but one of his fantastic tales dramatized: it appeared, however, to be a favourite. These are but straws, but they show the course of the wind."

#### SCIENTIFIC AND LITERARY

##### ROYAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 30.—*Anniversary Meeting.*—H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, President, in the chair.

The report of the Auditors of the Treasurer's accounts was read to the meeting, and also the list of members deceased and elected since the last Anniversary.

His Royal Highness afterwards addressed the members present in a speech of some length, giving an account of the labours of those Fellows whose loss the Society has to deplore.

A report of the proceedings of the Council during the last session was then read by the Secretary, who announced, at its close, that two Copley medals had been awarded, the one to Professor Berzelius, for his systematic application of the doctrines of Definite Proportions to the Analysis of Mineral Bodies; and the other to Francis Kiernan, Esq., for his Discoveries relative to the Structure of the Liver: and also that one of the royal medals, for the present year, had been awarded to Sir John W. F. Herschel, for his paper on 'Nebulae and Clusters of Stars,' published in the Philosophical Transactions for 1833; and the other royal medal to George Newport, Esq., for his series of 'Investigations on the Anatomy and Physiology of Insects,' contained in his papers published in the Philosophical Transactions. The grounds on which these several awards had been made, were fully stated in the report of the Council. His Royal Highness delivered these medals with appropriate remarks on the high value of the discoveries for which they had been given.

The ballot for the election of Council and officers for the ensuing year then took place, and the following was announced, on the report of the scrutineers, to be the result:—

*President.*—H.R.H. the Duke of Sussex, K.G.

*Treasurer.*—Francis Baily, Esq.

*Secretaries.*—Peter Mark Roget, M.D.

John George Children, Esq.

*Foreign Secretary.*—Charles Konig, Esq.

*Other Members of the Council.*—George Biddle Airy, Esq. A.R.I., William Allen, Esq., John Bostock, M.D., The Earl of Burlington, Samuel Hunter Christie, Esq., Viscount Cole, M.P., Joseph Henry Green, Esq., George Bellas Greenough, Esq., William Lawrence, Esq., John Lindley, Ph.D., John William Lubbock, Esq. M.A., Rev. George Peacock, M.A., William Hasledine Pepys, Esq., Rev. Adam Sedgwick, M.A., William Henry Smyth, Capt. R.N., William Henry Fox Talbot, Esq.

The Society afterwards dined together at the Crown and Anchor, His Royal Highness presiding on the occasion.

##### ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

Nov. 24.—Col. Lenke, V.P., in the chair.

The business of the session commenced this day. Some valuable presents to the Society's library were announced; in particular, Lord Kingsborough's splendid volumes on the 'Antiquities of Mexico,' and a munificent donation of numerous works, literary and scientific, chiefly French, by W. R. Hamilton, Esq. Several names were proposed for election. The Rev. Richard Cattermole, the Secretary, read

a paper, by George Finlay, Esq., on the *Dernus* of Aphidna; the position of which has hitherto eluded the researches of antiquaries, notwithstanding its celebrity, as one of the twelve states which formed the Athenian confederation, previously to the organization of the Attic state by Theseus, and from its connexion with the carrying off and concealment of Helen by that hero.<sup>1</sup> The war and siege of Aphidna, undertaken by the Tyndaridae for the recovery of their sister, in which they were aided by the Macedonians, the Athenians, and other states, was long regarded as among the most remarkable events in the heroic history of Greece—yielding in celebrity only to the wars of Troy and of Thebes.

From circumstances connected with the account of this war, and from the fact of its having been one of the twelve ancient districts of Attica, Mr. Finlay concluded that Aphidna is to be sought for in that part of Diaeria which lies beyond the ridge, at the head of the Athenian plain, connecting Parnes and Pentelicus. If this be not the case, the upper part of the Diaeria, and the rich, populous, and fertile basin between Parnes and Phelaeus, will remain without a central capital in the ancient division of Attica; while, if Aphidna be placed in this district, all the twelve cities of the ancient division become the capitals of nearly equal districts, whose natural boundaries are distinctly marked, and render them well adapted to form those little communities into which Greece was in early times separated. This division seems to afford a strong geographical argument in favour of Col. Leake's position of these Derni, and, in particular, of his position of Sphettus, in opposition to the opinion of Müller.

In later times, the name of Aphidna was rendered illustrious by its having been the *Dernus* of Tyraeus, of Harmodius, of Aristogeiton, and of Kallimachus, the polemarch of the Athenians at the battle of Marathon. We learn from Demosthenes (de Coronâ) that Eleusis, Phyle, Aphidna, Rhammus, and Sunium, were considered the most convenient fortresses, both in regard to strength and position, for affording protection to those citizens who resided at a greater distance than 120 stadia from Athens. From a consideration of the military advantages and other circumstances, required in its position, Mr. Finlay is inclined to place the fortress of Aphidna near the union of the roads from Oropos to Athens, and from Oropos to Marathon, and the road from the sea-coast below the modern Kalamos to Athens.<sup>2</sup> Here, accordingly, we find considerable traces of an ancient fortress, or a very remarkable hill, rising to an elevation of 200 feet, just over the banks of the river of Marathon, at the distance of about sixteen miles from Athens. It is situated near the centre of an elevated and fertile plain, about five miles long and two and a half broad. The traces of an Hellenic fortress on the summit are considerable; and from other remains it is evident, that the ancient fortress has been succeeded by a fortified hold in the middle ages, which the vestiges of modern houses and churches indicate to have possessed, even at a late period, a considerable population. In the modern division of Attica, this plain is included in the Dernus Peraia, of which Kalamos, called Peraia, is the capital.

Mr. Finlay's valuable and interesting communication embraced a topographical description of the plain in which the fortress of Aphidna was placed; a statement of the present population of the Dernus; and various particulars respecting this and the adjoining Derni, with his long residence in Diaeria has enabled him to examine, and ascertain with precision.

Mr. Hamilton, the Foreign Secretary, afterwards favoured the meeting, by reading several passages of letters lately received from his son, Mr. W. T. Hamilton, who is at present travelling in Asia Minor. The four following subjects were of prominent interest in the correspondence of this young traveller.

#### 1. Remains of the ancient Tavium, at Baghar-

Kiou, on the confines of Pontus and Galatia, discovered by M. Texier. These ruins are numerous and remarkable; but the object which casts every other into the shade is, what appears to be the Temple of Jupiter, mentioned by Strabo. It presents the perfect ground-plan of a magnificent edifice, 219 feet in length and 140 in width, remaining entire to the height of six or eight feet. This, Mr. Hamilton considered the most striking monument of antiquity, which he had yet seen in Asia Minor. The building seems to have been barbarously destroyed, for the purpose of extracting the metal pins, by which the huge blocks of stone, of which it was constructed, were held together.

2. The Mines of Rock Salt, near Soumgourleu. Mr. Hamilton found these mines situate in a district of red sandstone, marl, and sandstone conglomerate, the exact counterpart of the saliferous districts of England, but singularly contrasted with the general geological formation of Asia Minor.

The immediate position is in a small circular plain, or basin: the salt occurs only six or eight feet below the surface. Its stratification is horizontal, whilst the surrounding rocks are vertical, proving that the formation of the latter, and even the concussion by which they were thrown into their present position, were anterior to the existence of the salt. There must, at some period, have been a salt lake here, at the bottom of which the salt was deposited. Among the geological facts detailed in this portion of his letters, the writer mentioned the want of foundation for the assertion of travellers, that granite hills and plateaux are found in this region. This is so far from the fact, that he doubts whether a particle of granite is to be met with in the whole peninsula. There exists a great variety of igneous and volcanic rocks; trap, trachyte, porphyry, and porphyritic and trachytic conglomerate.

3. Angora. Mr. Hamilton makes distinguished mention of two inscriptions, copied by him from the walls of the temple of Augustus, at this place. One of these is inscribed both in Greek and Latin; the Latin has often been published; the Greek is a recent discovery of M. Texier, but very little of it was copied by that traveller. Mr. Hamilton was enabled to copy about a third part, by procuring the demolition of one of several houses, raised against the wall of the ancient edifice, to which the owner consented for a few hundred piastres. Another Greek inscription, copied by Mr. Hamilton from the same temple, appears to be a description of certain gifts and games, given and celebrated by certain kings, and other persons mentioned in it, probably in honour of Augustus and the dedication of the temple; for the inscription does not specify for what purpose they were given.

4. Not the least curious part of these letters is the account of Mr. Hamilton's visit to the spot inhabited by the ancient Chalybes, on the coast of Pontus. He found their Turkish successors engaged in the same occupation as that for which that people were famous—extracting the metal from the ore in the most barbarous of methods. There are no mines; and the ore occurs just in such a manner as to be most easily worked by, and to attract the attention of, a rude and barbarous people. It is found in small irregular nodules, embedded in a yellow clay, which forms the surface of all the neighbouring hills and mountains. It is always found near the surface, and never extends above a foot or two in depth. There are no large establishments: the metal is extracted in a common blacksmith's forge of the rudest construction, and worked by a single family, whose hut is close by. When they have exhausted the ore in their immediate neighbourhood, they remove their hut and forge to some more probable spot. The ore does not yield more than 10 per cent. of metal.

#### ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY.

Nov. 28.—Sir John Barrow, President, in the chair. Two papers were read: 1st, a letter from Mr. Davidson, dated Giamiz Wadnoon, September 25.

"My dear friend,—I cannot allow this last opportunity to pass without sending you a few lines,—please God they may find you quite well, as they leave me. Since my last, I have made three ineffectual attempts at getting forward, but am now fully convinced, that Sheik Beyrook, with whom I

still am, never intended sending me till the end of this month; he being so fully pledged for my safety and due arrival, that, fearing the heat and the unsettled state of the tribes, he did not choose to run the additional risk. To-morrow there is, by mutual consent, a general cessation of hostilities, to enable the tribes to attend the great *Sok*, or market, held at ten hours ride from this place, at which the Arabs dispose of the produce of their flocks and tents, and lay in their provisions for the whole year. The armistice lasts for six days, to give time for going and returning. The market takes place on the 28th and 29th, and it is intended I should take advantage of the time, and as my people do not purchase anything, I shall thus get three good days' start, and beyond the reach of danger. Our arrangement, at present, is, that I travel in company with the whole of the *Tajacanthi*, who are here to the number of 200 men and 600 camels; one division, laden with corn and water, will start directly for the *Sakara*; a second, of 200 camels and 60 men, with the Sheiks, show themselves at the *Sok*, and then proceed to join the former at three days' journey from hence; 30 camels will carry my baggage, which you will say is no trifles; but the presents I am obliged to take, and the money, all in cowries, ten camel loads of which only equal 1000 sterling, make it very bulky. We shall push on without delay to *Toudeni*, about 600 miles across the Desert, where all the camels will load with salt for *Soudan*; this will detain us ten days; at this place, and at *El Arawan*, 200 miles further, are the only spots at which we shall get meat; our usual food will be barley and dates ground up together, and moistened with milk or water.

"I have lately had a trial of this fare, as I have been on an excursion of ten days; part of it through a beautiful country, as to scenery, but wholly without drinkable water. We started many herds of gazelles, &c.; the heat we found excessive, as much as 112° in our tents at midnight, yet I did not suffer, though my companion, poor Abû Bekr, felt it much. At an encampment in the Desert, I saw a fair specimen of Arab life, the settlement of points of law, marriage and divorce. Here, the story-teller and the bard divided the night between them; the wild Arab girl danced and sang the praises of the Sheik, and even the poor Christian had a ditty composed in his honour. On the following day, we started on our return, by a different route; killed some wild boars, two wolves, and many snakes. On an average, we rode ten hours a day for these ten days, with little food besides dates and bread, and often brackish water; yet, thank God, I am here, well and ready to start on my journey for Timbuctoo, where, please God, I hope to be by the time this reaches you.

"Ever yours,  
"JOHN DAVIDSON."

2d. 'On the Monuments and Relics of the Ancient Inhabitants of New Spain,' by Capt. Vetch, R.E., illustrated by 30 highly curious and interesting sculptured figures, chiefly female, from the banks of the river Panuco.

Had none of these monuments been preserved to our days, the study of the history and condition of the ancient inhabitants of New Spain would have deserved as little interest and attention, as the history and condition of New Holland or Van Diemen's Land. The case, however, is far otherwise, for the pyramids of Teotihuacan, Cholula, Xochicalco, and Papantla, and the edifices of Mitla, and Palenque, are erections of a magnitude to indicate they could only have been constructed in a country teeming with population and submitted to a well organized government, and that government possessed of great authority and great means, and capable of long-continued exertions. For instance, the pyramid of Cholula stands upon a square base, each side of which is 480 yards, or more than twice that of the great pyramid of Egypt; its height not less than 60 yards, and its solid contents must amount to 7 millions of cubic yards. Historians have been too apt to depreciate the claims of the original Americans to an attainment of the arts and condition of civilized life; and Robertson, in speaking of the pyramid of Cholula, describes it "as nothing more than a mound of solid earth;" but what more remains of Babylon? and where shall we find such another mound of solid earth?

<sup>1</sup> Herodotus, ix. 73. Plutarch in Theseus.

<sup>2</sup> The last of these is the route from Athens to Oropos, by the temple of Amphiarus, described by Dicerous; and it was mentioned by the Chairman, as furnishing a strong proof of the truth of Mr. Finlay's discoveries, that the evidently corrupt word, *εὐά λαρνάω*, in the text of that author, has been ingeniously corrected by a late traveller to *εὖλαρνάω*. See Wordsworth's 'Athens and Attica,' p. 27.

These monuments, when America was first visited by the Spaniards, were in the same ruined and deserted state as we now find them, and the time and manner of their destruction and abandonment seems as much wrapped in obscurity, as those of their origin and construction, notwithstanding the annals of the Alchoman empire include the end of the 12th century.

It is important, therefore, to draw a distinction between these more ancient monuments, probably of the Toltec empire, and those erected in or near the city of Mexico from the period between its foundation in 1325, and its destruction by Cortes in 1521, these last belonging exclusively to the tribe of Aztecs or Mexicans. Between the more ancient and the more modern pyramids of New Spain, there is however a vast difference in point of size; the first being of the most imposing dimensions; if therefore we are allowed to form an estimate of the power and civilization of the Toltecs, compared with that of the Aztecs, from the character and design of their respective monuments, then we must conclude that the Toltecs had attained a far greater degree of power and wealth, and knowledge of the arts, than that acquired by the Aztecs under Montezuma II.

In geographical extent it will be found, that the Toltec monuments may be traced from the Isthmus of Darien to Chihuahua, a range of 1200 miles, and that the language prevailed or was known to the same extent.

In the state of Yucatan pyramids and other remains are said to be numerous; the ruined cities near Palenque in Chiapas are of great extent and of a very imposing character; in the state of Oaxaca are the ruins of Mitla and others; in the valley of Mexico remains prevail to a great extent; near Zultepec are the ruins styled by the Spaniards *Los Edificios*; in the state of Chihuahua are the *Casas Grandes*; near Maconi and the river Pauco are the ruins of two cities; and doubtless many more are yet to be discovered.

The field of investigation is a wide one, and still open; and now, for the first time, from the number of scientific travellers and the liberty afforded them, may we expect to acquire sufficient data on which to found our researches.

The figures placed on the table were chiefly female—some of shelly limestone, some of calcareous sandstone—in very fair preservation. Our limits forbid any description of them, but we are glad to learn they are destined for the British Museum.

The most novel and extraordinary circumstance is the character of the head-dress—expanded to a great size behind, with a square front and conical top, more or less elevated. Did this represent the dress of the people, or is it symbolical of some Deity or great personage among them? This character is so remarkable that it may lead to connect, not only many remains of the new continent, but also those of the two continents, should it really prove that the knowledge of the New World in early periods flowed from the Old.

With respect to their age, Captain Vetch observes, there is no tradition, and we can only form a rough estimate by noticing the atmospheric erosion they have undergone in a tropical climate; but his impression is, that some of them are at least 1000, and more probably 2000 years old. Whatever may be their absolute age, they may safely be ascribed to the Toltec rather than the Alchoman or Aztec epoch, especially from the great similarity some of the figures bear to the remains at Palenque, indicating that both were fashioned when similar creeds and institutions prevailed from the banks of the Usumacinta to the river of Pauco.

The whole of Captain Vetch's paper, of which we can only offer a brief analysis, is of high interest; and we are glad to see the attention of the Geographical Society partly directed towards Ethnography—an important branch of Geography, and one which has not received sufficient attention in this country.

A letter from M. D'Avezac, Secretary to the Geographical Society at Paris, mentions two expeditions about to sail from France for the Pacific Ocean—one commanded by Captain Du Petit Thouar, the other by M. de la Place: their object is not science especially; but as M. Dorot de Tesson, one of the Corps des Ingénieurs Hydrographes, will be embarked, doubtless the cause of Geography will gain.

Colonel Jackson, from St. Petersburg, presented to the Society, in the name of Vice Admiral Krusenstern, the new edition of his splendid and valuable *Atlas de l'Océan Pacifique*.

#### GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

*Nov. 30.—Mr. Lyell, President, in the chair.*

A paper on elevated beds of gravel containing marine shells of existing species in the vicinity of Dublin, by Dr. Scouler, Professor of Mineralogy of the Royal Dublin Society, was first read.

After a brief account of the physical and geological structure of the country, the memoir proceeded to describe the deposits of shelly gravel at Howth, Bray Head, and Glenismaule. On the south side of the promontory of Howth, and at the point where the cap or limestone approaches the quartz rock, is a deep depression occupied by an exceedingly tenacious and very ferruginous clay, which also extends across the peninsula, filling up fissures in the limestone. It is unstratified, and does not contain any transported fragments of rock, but numerous nodules of oxide of iron, iron pyrites, and oxide of manganese. Resting upon this clay, the quartz rock and the limestone, is a deposit of beds of shelly gravel and sand, extending about half a mile in length, but separated into two portions by the hollow, in which is situated the village of Howth. The highest part of the deposit is about eighty feet above the level of the sea. The gravel consists chiefly of limestone, but fragments of clay slate are not uncommon; and pebbles of granite, quartz rock, flint, and hard chalk occur, though sparingly. The beds of sand are sometimes of considerable thickness, and alternate with the gravel, but this apparent stratification cannot be traced to any distance, the beds thinning out in the same manner as on the existing sea shores. The shells which have been obtained are seldom perfect, but Dr. Scouler has been enabled to determine from well-characterized remains, seven species, the whole of which are found in a living state in the Bay of Dublin.

A similar accumulation occurs on the south side of the promontory of Bray Head, extending for upwards of a mile, and presenting at its northern extremity a vertical section about 200 feet high, but declining at its southern to the level of the sea. It consists of three deposits, the lowest being composed of clay or marl, the middle of numerous beds of shelly sand and gravel, and the uppermost of angular fragments of granite or syenite and quartz rock. The gravel in the central division is made up, for the greater part, of fragments of limestone, but contains pebbles of chalcedony, flint, hard chalk, and a ferruginous conglomerate. The limestone fragments are of moderate size, and are imperfectly rounded, though Bray Head is separated from the district in which that rock occurs in situ, by the whole breadth of the Dublin mountains. It is also worthy of remark, that the fragments of chalcedony, flint, and hard chalk, appear to have been transported from Antrim, and the pebbles of ferruginous conglomerate from Lambay Island, twenty miles to the north of Bray or the Lyons Hill, on the west of the Dublin mountains.

The shells which have been obtained, agree with those in the deposit at Howth.

The third accumulation, particularly described, is in the valley of Glenismaule, through which flows a branch of the Dodder, and is about seven miles from the Bay of Dublin. It presents perpendicular cliffs, formed of irregular beds of sand and calcareous gravel about 100 feet thick, and is probably 200 feet above the level of the sea. It is also above the level of any of the limestone strata of the immediate neighbourhood. Fragments of flint and chalcedony occur in the gravel, as well as recent shells identical with those in the beds previously described.

Accumulations agreeing in the arrangement of the beds, though varying in the nature of the materials, were stated to extend over the whole of Ireland, forming low, rounded hills, and filling up previously existing depressions.

No remains of mammalia have been found in the gravel, except some bones of the Irish elk, at Enniskerry, near Dublin.

The following inferences were then given as deducible from the facts contained in the memoir:—1st, that the coast around the Bay of Dublin has been

elevated, though unequally, at a comparatively recent geological epoch. 2ndly, That the valley of Glenismaule and other valleys containing similar accumulations of drift, were at one period under water, and then filled with the calcareous gravel; and that they were afterwards elevated, and subsequently re-excavated by the action of running water.

The memoir concluded with some observations on the probable sources from which the gravel was derived, and the agents by which it was brought into its present position.

A paper was read on the Geology of the Thracian Bosphorus, by Mr. Hugh Edwin Strickland, F.G.S., and Mr. Hamilton, one of the Secretaries of the Society.

The formations described in this memoir consist of a series of beds, considered by the authors to be the equivalents of part of the Silurian System of England, igneous rocks, tertiary limestone, and ancient alluvial accumulations.

The equivalents of the Silurian System occupy both sides of the Bosphorus for about three quarters of its length, and extend, in a W.N.W. and E.S.E. direction, to an unascertained distance. They consist of argillaceous schist, brown sandstone, and compact blue limestone, and pass fusensibly into each other. Organic remains appear to be extremely local, having been noticed by the authors only in a ravine above Arnaut-keui, a village about four miles from Pera on the European side; and at the Giant's Mountain, about fifteen miles from Constantinople, on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus. They consist, principally, of casts belonging to several species of Spirifer, Producta, and Terebratula, two or three genera of Corals, remains of Crinoids and the eye of an Aptychus.

The igneous rocks are composed of trachytes and trachytic conglomerates, the latter being sometimes traversed by veins of cornelian and chalcedony, which intersect both the tufaceous cement and the imbedded fragments. On the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, they commence, *en masse*, at Kavak, under the old Genoese castle, and extend to Yoom-bornou, on the Black Sea, and perhaps further; while, on the European side, they commence on the north of Buyukdere, and also extend to the Black Sea. Several trachytic and trap-dykes intersect the silurian formations, but are considered by the authors to be connected with the general mass of igneous rocks. The tertiary formation commences immediately on the west of Constantinople, and ranges along the north coast of the Sea of Marmora for many miles, its western limit being at present undefined. It is best exhibited in the quarries at Baloukli and Makri-keui, where it consists of horizontal beds of soft, white, shelly limestone and marls, resting upon sand, in which no fossils have been noticed. Near Constantinople, the deposit was apparently accumulated in an estuary, for it contains, in considerable abundance, a cardium and a cytherea associated with land and fresh water shells, some of which resemble existing species.

Along the banks of the Bosphorus the authors found no traces of a tertiary formation; and, consequently infer, that this channel was opened at a comparatively very recent period.

The only ancient alluvium mentioned in the memoir, is an extensive, thick, and unstratified deposit of clay, sand, and gravel, resting upon the silurian rocks. It commences a few miles to the north of Belgrade, and apparently skirts the southern side of the Lesser Balkan range.

#### SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

*Nov. 17.—Thomas Amyot, Esq. Treasurer in the chair.—As usual, on the first meeting of the session, a great variety of presents were announced, amongst which were donations from several foreign societies. Sir Henry Ellis read a communication from Robert Henry Schomburgk, Esq. now engaged in an expedition in Guiana, by the Royal Geographical Society, assisted by the British Government, on 'India-American Traditions,' in the course of whose observations several of the opinions of the South American tribes were given. The tradition of an universal deluge was very general amongst the natives, who stated that they had heard of a great flood from which only one man was saved in a canoe, who re-peopled the world by breaking stones, each fragment of which became a man. The Macosies, a very considerable*

tribe in the interior, point out on a mountain a very singular series of stones, which they state were formerly men, who being overtaken by rain were converted into stones; and they still hold the opinion that if their names be pronounced, it amounts to an invocation for rain, which is sure to be produced.

*Nov. 24.*—W. R. Hamilton, Esq. V.P. in the chair.—A paper was read from Mr. Filston Beke, of Leipzig, entitled ‘Remarks on the Coins of William First and Second.’ The characters appeared to bear some general reference to a time of peace, and Anglo-Saxon words were used, but the observations disclosed no new views of interest. Mr. J. Y. Akerman exhibited twelve ancient Babylonian Cylinder Coins, apparently from Bagdad, or its vicinity, on which, however, no observations were offered.

Sir Henry Ellis read a communication from Henry Brandreth, Esq. on the Ancient Roman Station of Magiovintum, which stood at the junction of Watkin Street and Ikenal Street. An analogous road was proved formerly to have existed from the Eastern extreme of Scotland to the West, for transporting cattle, from which the etymology of the latter street, was in all probability derived. The testimony of historians, as well as his own observation, led the writer to believe that the union of these streets was at Dunstable, from which at the present time four streets converged to the cardinal points, whilst no place in the empire could afford such opportunities for a central market, which the Romans probably contemplated in its settlement. The observations of the author were principally collected from the Itinerary of Antonine, who named this, as the second station from Verulanium, but he conceived that this might be an error from mis-translation. The paper also contained some interesting observations on the Roman remains still perceptible on the Chiltern Hill, and other parts of this district abounding in vestiges of Anglo-classic interest.

#### BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

*Nov. 20.*—J. E. Gray, Esq. F.R.S. in the chair.—A general meeting for the election of officers and council, was held this evening, it being the anniversary of the birthday of John Ray, the illustrious English botanist, and which is in future to be the anniversary of the Society. J. E. Gray, Esq. was elected President, and Dr. Macrae and C. Johnson, Esq. Vice Presidents. The chairman congratulated the members upon the prospects of the Society, from the number that had already taken an interest in its formation, which was greater than at the commencement of the Entomological and even Zoological Society. He also read an address on the prospects and encouragement of science in this country,—repudiating the idea that it is on the decline, or that England is, in the latter respect, behind any continental government. What is effected there alone by a capricious government, is here executed by public enterprise, by which more money is devoted to the encouragement of scientific merit than in any other nation. If the pursuits of science do not lead to opulence, they will at least ensure competence; and he could recollect of none of its deserving cultivators, who had died in distress, or been neglected in their old age. His firm conviction, although he might expose himself to obloquy in making the declaration, was, that England was not behind, if she were not the foremost of any nation in the encouragement and protection of scientific merit.

**ASHMOLEAN SOCIETY.**—*Nov. 25.*—Dr. Daubeny gave some account of the observations which he had lately made on thermal springs, and presented a list of no less than thirty from various parts of Europe, which evolve nitrogen gas in greater or less proportion, over and above those of the Pyrenees, already noticed by Longchamp as doing the same. He stated, that the red film or crust which collects on the surface of many chalybeate springs, has lately been determined by Ehrenburg to consist of a congeries of minute Infusoria, which secrete iron as well as silex.

He then gave a short sketch of the more recent discoveries of this same naturalist, with respect to Fossil Infusoria, which he has found pervading the substance of several hard rocks, such as polierschiefer, and even chalk flints, undistinguishable in structure from species now in existence.

He next exhibited some artificial minerals, which

he had received from Professor Mitscherlich, of Berlin, and explained the construction of the improved apparatus for analyzing organic substances employed by Professor Liebig.

He also noticed the observations with respect to the diurnal and annual variations of temperature in the soil, now making at Brussels, by Professor Quetelet, by means of thermometers inserted in the ground to various depths, from 1 to 25 feet. The results agree in general with those made at Paris by Arago; but Professor Quetelet has proposed a correction, in order to allow for the notable difference of temperature, which must exist between different parts of the tube, as compared with the bulb in thermometers of great length.

Dr. Daubeny concluded by describing the Geographical Institute at Brussels, founded and carried on by M. Vandermaelen.

This gentleman is a remarkable instance of an individual who, possessed of affluence, devotes his time and patience, and submits to the confinement and routine of a mercantile establishment, for the purpose of affording gratuitous instruction to his countrymen, and diffusing a taste for science within the city in which he resides.

The pupils are instructed in the elements of physics, chemistry, natural history, and mathematics, as well as in the arts of design and engraving, by competent persons engaged by M. Vandermaelen for the purpose. In order to increase his means of doing good, he condescends to become a vendor of the maps and engravings which his pupils execute, of which there is a depot in Brussels, a circumstance which has caused many to misapprehend the character of the Institution, and to regard it as merely a trading establishment. No one, however, who takes the trouble of going over the premises, can depart with an impression that the undertaking has been set on foot with a view to profit, or that the sale of the articles produced can remunerate the proprietor for the expenses he incurs. They contain in the first place a rich museum, consisting of a general collection of rocks and minerals, and a particular and more extended one of those of Belgium. There are also many other distinct suites, such as of the products of Vesuvius and Etna, the coal plants of Belgium, &c.

In most other branches of natural history, the museum contains a collection of more or less value; that of insects is considered the best. It exhibits also specimens of antiquities, medals, and other works of art. M. Vandermaelen has likewise got together for the use of his pupils and friends, an extensive library of works on natural history, geography, and science, as well as a series of the best maps that can be procured. In the gardens surrounding the building appropriated to these collections, and to class rooms for the instruction of his pupils, is a collection of hardy plants; and the houses attached contain a fine series of exotics, amongst which are several splendid specimens of palms. Even the Epiphytes, the cultivation of which is rare on the continent, have not been forgotten, and a distinct house, constructed and warmed on the most approved plan, is set apart for these singular productions.

M. Vandermaelen is even at the expense of sending out to distant regions two naturalists, for the express purpose of augmenting his various collections. They are now in Mexico. With all this, the proprietor appears to be a man of the greatest simplicity of manners; educates his own children on a footing of perfect equality with the other pupils, and shows the establishment to strangers himself, in a working dress, which leads to his being frequently mistaken for one of the underlings he employs.

He has proposed a splendid improvement for the town of Brussels, in accomplishing which, it is to be hoped he may find individuals public spirited enough to assist him. According to this plan the suites of hothouses and greenhouses belonging to the public Botanic Garden (which, standing alone as they do at present, constitute from their elegant proportions one of the chief ornaments of the Boulevards,) would form one wing of a very extensive structure, of which the centre would be occupied by a gallery for the display of the various specimens of the arts and manufactures of Belgium, and by a museum of Natural History; whilst the other wing would contain a menagerie connected with a Zoological Garden standing in front.

Were the whole of this effected, it would rank as one of the finest establishments in Europe; and the zeal which M. Vandermaelen has displayed in the formation of his own private institution, may effect even greater things by the influence it will exert upon others.

A register of meteorological observations executed hourly on June 21st and 22nd, at Oxford, by Professor Rigaud, and at Paris by M. Tancre; and also a similar series by Professor Rigaud, on September 21 and 22, were laid upon the table.

Dr. Buckland read a letter from Mr. Cross, relative to certain recent experiments.

#### MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

SAT.	{ Asiatic Society .....	Two, P.M.
	Westminster Medical Society .....	Eight.
MON.	{ Institute of British Architects .....	Eight.
	Royal Academy ( <i>Anatomical Lect.</i> ) .....	Eight.
	Entomological Society .....	Eight.
TUES.	{ Linnaean Society .....	Eight.
	Horticultural Society .....	Two.
	Architectural Society ( <i>Quart. Meet.</i> ) .....	Eight.
WED.	{ Artists and Amateurs' Conversazione .....	Eight.
	Society of Arts .....	Eight.
	Royal Society .....	Eight.
THUR.	{ Society of Antiquaries .....	Eight.
	Royal Society of Literature .....	Four.
	Royal Academy ( <i>Anatomical Lect.</i> ) .....	Eight.
FRID.	Astronomical Society .....	Eight.

#### MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

**DRURY LANE.**  
This Evening, THE WRECKER'S DAUGHTER; and a popular Ballet.  
On Monday, MACBETH (With Mr. Forrest).

#### OLYMPIC.

This Evening, THE TWO FIGAROS; after which THE RACK ROOM; to conclude with HE WOULD BE AN ACTOR.  
On Monday and Tuesday, THE OLYMPIC DEVILS (*Orypheus Madame Vestris*).

**QUEEN'S THEATRE, TOTTENHAM-STREET.**  
On Monday and Tuesday, THE CAVALIERS; to conclude with the popular Comedy, in 5 Acts, of THE RIVALS.  
Wednesday, and Thursday, THE MERCHANT OF VENICE; to conclude with a new Drama of intense interest.  
Half-price taken at half-past Eight o'clock.

**DRURY LANE.**—Mr. Sheridan Knowles's new play, in five acts, called in the bills ‘The Wrecker's Daughter,’ and in the printed copy ‘The Daughter,’ was acted for the first time on Tuesday last. It is a drama of domestic interest, simple in its plot, natural in its conduct, striking in its situations, powerful in its development, and just in its conclusion. The characters are well drawn, and the moral is good. It is by such a play as this that the best and noblest purpose of the drama is answered—to convey, in its most attractive form, to wind round the heart so that it cannot be removed but with life, such a lesson as must cheer the good upon their onward course, and startle the bad with the sight of the gulph which lies before them. To do this Mr. Knowles has not been content merely to punish vice and reward virtue—he has not stooped to extract good from evil; but he has drawn good from good. He has placed his principal character, *The Daughter*, in a series of the most trying and desperate situations; he has given her repeated opportunities to escape, if she will only consent to do wrong, and these at times when the end would almost seem to justify the means; and, as a reward for her steadfast clinging to the path of truth, he has shown the protecting Providence above her, through means of which the very acts which seem to place her in the utmost danger, lead ultimately to her own safety, and that of all most dear to her. That this play has some defects is quite true, but we are not going to impose upon ourselves the labour of digging through its beauties to turn them up to sight. We shall now proceed to detail the plot, and to make extracts from the play, and we shall mix up the two operations, because by so doing our readers will have less of us and more of Mr. Knowles.

The scene lies throughout upon the coast of Cornwall. The first act opens with a conversation between a party of wreckers—violence has occasionally been done on half-drowned persons who have been thrown upon the shore—they deprecate such practices, and insinuate that *Norris* (Mr. Warde) is the man whom they suspect; he enters and denies the charge. The second scene is between *Edward* (Mr. Cooper) and *Marian* (Miss Huddart). Marian, with the consent of her father, *Robert*, widower (Mr. Knowles), is engaged to be married to *Edward*, after

a voyage which he is about to take, and the scene is occupied with their protestations of love, and their leave-taking, varied by certain gloomy forebodings of Marian's, and the relation by her of a dream, in which she has seen Norris in the very act of committing murder. In the third scene Robert, in anticipation of a storm, is preparing his wrecker's tools. Marian returns from her parting with Edward, and seeks to dissuade her father from his purpose—we must give the conclusion of their conversation:—

*Robert.* I tell thee, Marian, not a soul can live

It such a sea as boils within our bay.

*Marian.* And shouldest thou therefore strip the drowned man?

*O!* at his death-bed, by the side of which No friend doth stand, there is a solitude Which makes the grave itself society!— Helplessness, in comparison with which An ordinary death is kin to life!— And silence, which the bosom could fill up With thoughts more aching, sad, and desolate Than ever uttered wailing tongues of friends Collected round the bier of one beloved!— To rifle him!—purloin his little stock Of gold, or jewels, or apparel!—take And use it as thine own!—thou?—thou? whom Heaven

Permits to see the sun that's set to him; And treasures ten times dearer than the sun Which he shall never see!—O touch it not! Or if thou touch it—drop it and fall down Upon thy knees, at thought of what he was, And thou, through grace, art still!

*Rob.* Her mother's voice!

Her mother's words!—Here take the coil!—Put by My boat-hook and my axe!—My Marian, I'll not go to the beach!

Marian goes off—his resolution fails him—and he starts for the shore, Marian, who has returned, vainly struggling to prevent him. With this the act closes. The second opens with a conversation between the villain Norris and his friend *Wolf*, by which it appears that Norris is in love with Marian, and determined, at all hazards, to possess her. Marian follows her father, but misses him; Norris finds him, and encourages him in his intention of seeking for plunder. Robert proceeds to the shore, and finds a body, which he is about to rifle, when Marian appears, and again extracts a promise from him to abstain. Here is one passage of her argument:—

*Mar.* Forswear this lawless life!—Thou wouldst not rob

A living man!—Tis manlier to strip The living than the dead!

*Rob.* This night's the last!

*Mar.* This night!—O, no!—The last night be the last!

Who makes his mind up that a thing is wrong, Yet says he'll do that thing for the last time,— Doth but commence anew a course of sin, Of which that last sin is the leading one, Which many another, and a worse, will follow! At once begin! How many, at this hour, Alive as thou art, will not live to see To-morrow's light!—If thou shouldst be cut off! Should thy last sin be done, on thy last night? Should Heaven avenge itself on that last sin Thou dost repented!—My father, come!— O! a bad conscience, and a sudden death! Come home!—Come home!—Come home!

Marian ascends the cliff—Robert goes off in a contrary direction to fetch his implements—Norris enters—finds the body, and Robert's knife near it—Marian calls to him, mistaking him for her father, and Norris, profiting by the mistake, plunges the knife into the body in sight of Marian, who faints. Norris escapes—Robert returns—and in the act of taking money from the pockets of the dead man, when he is seized and carried off by the other wreckers, whom Norris has caused to come in search of him. Thus ends the second act. In the third, Norris, whose turn it is to guard the suspected murderer Robert, offers him freedom and gold to escape from England, and from the dangers with which he is threatened—he accepts them, and departs; after which Wolf returns, and a scene of great power ensues between him and Norris. Wolf is in a state of fearful agitation, and the result of a most energetic dialogue is, that he informs the wretched culprit Norris, that the body, which was still living when he stabbed it, was that of his own father! Norris is horrified; but an anxiety for self-preservation prevails over every other feeling, and he persuades

Wolf, to whom alone the facts against him are known, to cross the seas. We then come to Robert's cottage, where Marian is bewailing her father's crime, when he rushes in to take a hasty leave of her—her manner is altered to him, for, of course, from what she has seen, she believes him guilty. The father forgets all sense of danger in the consuming thought that his own child believes him guilty of a murder; the daughter, brought up in the ways of truth, and having, as she thinks, witnessed his crime, cannot say she does not, but simply urges him to fly; and, in the end, the father, failing to extract the acknowledgment he wishes from her, expresses his readiness to die, plants himself in his chair, and awaits the arrival of his pursuers, by whom he is dragged to justice. Here is the latter part of the scene:—

*Rob.* Dost thou think Thy father guilty?

*Mar.* I think nothing now Except that thou'rt in danger.

*Rob.* Marian,

I no more did the deed—

*Mar.* They will be here

And then thou art lost!

*Rob.* Thou dost not think me guilty?

*Mar.* What matter what thy Marian thinks, when death

Pursues thee and thou lingerest here, and not

One moment am I certain but the next

It may o'ertake thee—here!—in thy own house!

That's now no shelter for thee—here!—before

Thy Marian's eyes that cannot help thee!—Fly!

Thy life perhaps may pay for the next breath

Thou drawest here!—The thought distracts me!—Fly!

*Rob.* It cannot be thou think'st me guilty?

*Mar.* Fly!

Terror doth take away my senses—Fly!

*Rob.* I do begin to doubt thou think'st me guilty?

*Mar.* Oh father, fly!

*Rob.* I am innocent!

*Mar.* 'Tis well!

*Rob.* It is not well—I am innocent!—I'll swear it!

*Mar.* Then need'st not, father—Don't!—Fly!—

Fly!—

*Rob.* By—

*Mar.* Stop!—

*Rob.* Thou think'st me guilty!—Spare thy kindness

—There!

Perish thy coin! I will not use it!—Fly!—

Do any thing to save my life!—If it goes

It may go!—Here I sit!—E'en here! Ay here!—

Here in the cottage thou wast born in, nurs'd,

Brought up in—till now thou'rt eighteen years, and

now

Dost tell thy father he's a murderer!

Here I'll wait for them—Let them come and take me!

Take me before thine eyes!—Imprison me!

Try me, and hang me! I'll not turn my hand

To save my life! since my own child that knows me

Believes me guilty! I am guilty!—Yes!

Let all the world beside believe me so.

His arrest ends the third act. At the opening of the fourth, Robert has been examined before the Justice, and is committed for trial upon the evidence of his daughter; horror-struck at his almost certain fate, and maddened by the thought of whose evidence it is by which he is about to die a felon's death, he reproaches her bitterly, and calls upon her to justify herself for having sworn her father's life away. We know not how to select from this scene without injustice, but it is too long for insertion, and we must attempt it. It begins thus:—

Enter ROBERT between two constables, followed by men and women.—NORRIS in the background.

*Rob.* I am innocent! I am murdered! My own child

Has sworn my life away! My Marian!

Falsely—most falsely!—When they try me, 'tis

By her I die; not by the judge—the jury,

Or any one but her; She gives the verdict!—

Passes the sentence!—puts my limbs in irons!—

Casts my limbs into my dungeon!—Drags me thence

To the scaffold!—is my executioner!—

Does all that puts her father in his grave

Before his time!—Her father, good to her!

What'er he was to others—Oh! to have died

By any evidence but mine own child's!

Take me to prison.

Marian rushes in and calls him "Father," he casts her from him.

*Rob.* Indeed! Indeed!

Thou liest! Thou wert never child of mine!

No!—No!—I never carried thee up and down

The beach in my arms, many and many a day,  
To strengthen thee, when thou wast sickly!—No!  
I never brought thee from the market town,  
Whene'er I went to it, a pocket load  
Of children's gear!—No!—No! I never was  
Your play-fellow that ne'er fell out with you  
Whate'er you did to him!—No!—Never!—Nor  
When fever came into the village, and  
Fix'd its fell gripe on you, I never watch'd  
Living I know not how, for sleep I took not,  
And hardly food! And since your mother died—  
Mar. Tho'r'l kill me, father!

*Rob.* Since your mother died

I have not been a mother and a father  
Both!—both to thee!

*Mar.* Oh! spare me!

He has another speech in continuation, and then—

*Mar.* I am thy child?

The child to whom thou didst all this and more.

*Rob.* Thou stood'st not then, just now, in the witness box,

Before the justice in that justice room,  
And swor' my life away.

*Mar.* Where thou dost say,  
I stood!—What thou dost say, I did!—and yet,  
Not in those hours thou nam'st of fond endearment,  
Felt, as I felt it then, thou wast my father!

*Rob.* Well!—Justify it—prove thee in the right—  
Make it a lawful thing—a natural thing—  
The act of a child!—a good child!—a true child!  
An only one!—one parent in the grave,  
The other left—that other, a fond father—  
A fond, old, doting, idolising father!  
Approve it such an act in such a child . . .

To slay that father! Come!

*Mar.* An oath!—an oath!

*Rob.* Thy father's life!

*Mar.* Thy daughter's soul!

*Rob.* 'Twere well

They lip had then a little of the thing

The heart had over much of!

*Mar.* What?

*Rob.* Stone!—Rock!

They never should have opened!

*Mar.* Silence had

Condemned thee equally.

*Rob.* But not the breath

Mine own life gave!

Then comes her justification:—

*Mar.* I felt in the justice-room  
As if the final judgment-day were come,  
And not a hiding place my heart could find  
To screen a thought or wish; but every one  
Stood naked 'fore the judge, as now my face  
Stands before you! All things did vanish, father!  
That make the interest and substance up  
Of human life—which, from the mighty thing  
That once was all in all, was shrunk to nothing,  
As by some high command my soul received,  
As could not but obey, it did cast off  
All earthly ties, which, with their causes, melted  
Away!—And I saw nothing but the Eye  
That seeth all, bent searchingly on mine,  
And my lips oped as not of their own will  
But of a stronger—I saw nothing then  
But that all seeing Eye—but now I see  
Nothing but my father!

(She rushes towards him, and throws her arms round his neck.)

She can make no impression on him, and he is led off all but cursing her. News reaches Norris that the ship in which Edward sailed has been lost, and that all are drowned; he follows Marian, who has been vainly endeavouring to gain admittance to her father's prison, and causes it to be told to her; but wretchedness has done its worst upon her, and she has no tears to give.

*Mar.* I hear it—and I do not shed a tear!

Nor feel the want to weep! I welcome it!

'Tis good news! He has left a world of woe

To him—to him—for what woe doth feel?

Would I put adders where I could not bear

To have an insect sting? 'Tis well he's dead!

The friends he leaves should put on holiday

Not mourning clothes for him! His passing bell

Should ring a peal, and not a knell! 'Tis best

It is as it is.

Norris approaches, declares his passion for her, and asks her to marry him. She spurns his offer in sickening horror; and the one all-powerful subject which engrosses her mind, her father's danger, is beautifully evinced by her sudden change as he says,

*Nor.* What wouldest thou do  
To save thy father's life?

*Mar.* Anything!

*Nor.* What

To have it proved that he is innocent?

*Mar.* Anything!—pay the felon's penalty

*Mysel!*—Abide the gibbet!—Marry thee  
Now—now!—If now thou didst leave off for me  
Tha mountain on my heart—my father's plight!  
That, heavier on my soul—my father's sin!  
This didst thou do—and stood my lover there,  
Of whom to say that in his grave he's dearer  
Than he was ever when in life to me,  
Is to say truth—I'd give to thee my hand!

He promises to save her father's life, and prove him innocent upon the trial, and she promises that if he does so she will marry him. So ends the act. In the fifth act Robert is free, and has come to a full knowledge of the truth and rectitude of Marian's conduct; but, wretched at the idea of her sacrificing herself by marrying Norris, he has been endeavouring to induce him to give her up. Edward suddenly returns, after a prosperous voyage; and a wretched meeting between him and Marian ends by the wedding party, with Norris at their head, coming to fetch her to church. The last scene is the outside of the church, where Robert, assisted by the clergyman, endeavours again, but vainly, to induce the inexorable Norris to resign his pretensions, and the ceremony is about to proceed, when they are met at the church door by Norris's accomplice, Wolf, whose conscience travel has been unable to stifle, and who has returned to confess the after-share he took in the murder committed by Norris upon his father. Norris stabs him—is of course seized for the murder, and the piece ends with the union of Edward and Marian.

We cannot say that full justice was done to it in the acting—but we must say, that everybody concerned exerted themselves to the utmost, and did the best they could. Miss Huddart is evidently a sensible and clever girl, and a great deal that she did was highly commendable: her performance, however, was unequal; but as it was a most arduous part, and one on which, not the success of the piece, for nothing could endanger that, but the degree of effect to be produced, mainly depended, we do not wonder that she was too timid, on the first occasion, to do as much as she will on future ones. Mr. Knowles's *Father* was full of rough and honest feeling, and, upon the whole, we think it suits him better than any part of his own which he has played. Still, even in this, the author part of him has not a great deal to thank the actor part of him for. Mr. Warde played with great power and appropriate want of feeling. Mr. Cooper had not much to do, but he steered his little vessel safely into port. Mr. Henry acted the part of the jailor with excellent sense—in less judicious hands it was a part which might have injured the effect of the piece at a very awkward time for any unpleasant feeling to have been generated. We conclude our remarks on the acting by saying, that Mr. Diddear's performance of *Wolf* was unquestionably the best of the evening. We have never seen, at any time, or from any person, acting more impressive, more true to nature, or more exquisite in art, than he exhibited throughout his scene in the third act with Mr. Warde. He was loudly, generally, and most deservedly applauded.

Mr. Forrest played *Macbeth* on Wednesday night. We have to apologize to him for paying so poor a compliment to so powerful a performance, as to dismiss it with a simple mention that it was so; but Mr. Knowles has driven us into a corner this week, and we cannot help ourselves. Opinion still continue divided upon Mr. Forrest's general merits as a first tragedian; and there are not wanting those who take the opposite extremes—some saying that he has no faults, others that he has no merit. We have said, and we think, that he is better than a good—that he is an excellent—an admirable actor: if, however, we are wrong, and he really is a bad actor, then we must say that he has at least the merit of being the most extraordinary bad actor on the stage; for we never saw one, male or female, with the solitary exception of the immortal Mrs. Siddons, who held such a mastery over his audience, and commanded, from first to last, such profound and breathless attention.

The new grand ballet, entitled, 'The Devil on Two Sticks,' was brought out on Thursday with complete

success. Its great length, and the complication of the story, prevent us from giving even a programme of the programme. It is highly amusing as well as pleasing, and the intervals between the dances are filled up with a vast deal more fun than is usual—it quite kept the house in a roar. Mr. Wicland, as the Devil, was very clever, and much applauded. Madlle. Duverney, who has many changes of dress, looked and played and danced delightfully. Her *Cachouche* dance in the second act, is one of the most graceful exhibitions of which the art is capable—and is worth, in our opinion, all the kicking and sprawling, however well executed, in the world. The scenery is very beautiful—the whole thing well got up—and the entertainment likely to become highly popular. It will attract, we should think, immense half prices, and indeed, judging from the unusual numbers of the nobility and fashionables whom we observed, we should say first prices also. The crush room, or rather the crush passage, at the private box entrance, seemed more like the Italian Opera than the theatre.

**Olympe.**—A musical burletta, called 'The Two Figaros,' was produced here on Wednesday with the most signal and merited success. It is a sequel to the two well-known pieces of 'The Marriage of Figaro,' and 'The Barber of Seville'—the Figaro No. 1 being an old friend grown some sixteen years older, and Figaro No. 2 being a *nom-de-guerre* adopted by Cherubino (the sometime page whom we left about to join the army, and who is now *Colonel Cherubino*) to facilitate his designs upon the hand of the daughter of the *Count* and *Countess*. Figaro No. 2 is secretly assisted by the *Courtess, Susanna, and Suanetta*, a cousin of said *Susanna*, and their attempts are crossed by Figaro No. 1, who is plotting to impose an old fellow-servant on the *Count* as a man of rank who is desirous of marrying his daughter, it being agreed between the two rogues, that if their plan succeeds they shall share the plunder. To attempt to detail the plot and counterplot of this piece would require a treble number of the *Athenæum*, instead of double; enough to say, that it is full of liveliness and bustle of the most agreeable description—that the acting, particularly by the principals, is spirited and excellent—that the dialogue is humorous and smart—the scenery admirable—the dresses such as we have often had occasion to say, are, for correctness and beauty, seen nowhere but at this theatre—and such as are "a real blessing to" authors—and that the music is all selected (and with good discretion) from 'Le Nozze' of Mozart, and 'Il Barbiero' of Rossini. It was from first to last a clever, national, elegant, and captivating entertainment, and, to do the audience justice, as well as the author and actors, so they seemed, by their laughter and applause, to think. Mr. Planché is the fortunate holder of this prize.

#### MISCELLANEA

*Jeanne d'Arc.*—While making some researches at Sainte Chapelle, the original minutes of the proceedings against La Pucelle d'Orléans were brought to light. On the margin, next to her examination, is a portrait of her, apparently sketched by the clerk.

*M. Texier.*—M. Libri has given to the French Academy of Sciences some details of the late journey performed in Asia Minor, &c., by M. Texier, who is now at Trebizond. He crossed the Taurus chain with an officer of artillery, who measured the heights in various places. M. Libri thinks that natural philosophers will find much to interest them in these observations, as, by comparing them with those of Xenophon, they may throw light on the constancy of the temperature of the surface of the earth. Xenophon, in his famous *Retreat*, speaks of perpetual snows, wine frozen in the skins, and symptoms of somnolence and asphyxia, similar to those felt by Solander and his companions when in Australia.

*Lameness.*—It is well known that the deformity called club or clump-foot, and especially that sort where the heel cannot touch the ground, arises from a contraction of the extensor muscles, and in order to cure it an elongation is attempted by the slow and incessant operation of machinery. A M. Bouvier informs the French Academy of Sciences, that by cutting across the *tendo Achillis*, an extension may be given more promptly and effectually. It was

first practised in 1784, and has been repeatedly tried, since then, in different manners. M. Bouvier thinks, that he has improved on all these methods by introducing a sort of needle, sharp on one side, under the skin, by means of which he entirely divides the tendon, either from within to without, or without to within, and making no great visible wound. In a few days the foot is brought into its natural position, and in some weeks the tendon unites without causing any inflammation.

*Cholera.*—The *Gazette du Midi* reports two curious cases of the cure of cholera. Two workmen employed in extracting salt near Salzburg, were attacked with this malady, and the doctors despaired of their recovery. The head workman then suggested that a salt water bath of high temperature might be beneficial; accordingly the patients were plunged into one, and were in a short time perfectly restored.

*Vaccination.*—M. Camille Bernard has presented a memoir to the French Academy of Sciences, expressing his conviction, that vaccination, where unsuccessful in the first instance, ought to be practised in all the members and in various parts of the body. He has known the virus to take effect only in one leg, after the other limbs had been tried in vain, and also the disease introduced upon the body, when all other parts had obstinately refused the infection.

*Erythema.*—Besides the characters of scales already given in detecting venomous serpents, M. Rousseau, in his Comparative Anatomy, brings in the aid of the eye in ascertaining the existence of poisonous qualities. For instance, the eye of the viper, or rather the iris, is very contractile; and if the sun's rays fall upon it, the pupil becomes linear and vertical, like that of a cat; whilst, in those of serpents which are not venomous, the pupil continues quite round.

*Platina.*—The existence of platina in the sand of the Rhine has long been suspected, and is now ascertained to be a fact by a German chemist. He found a small portion in the auriferous sandstone of the Worth, near Caubel. It has also been found mixed with gold near Frankenberg, in the Eder, in the electorate of Hesse.

*Beet-root.*—According to the experiments of M. Chevalier, every soil and manure containing nitrate of potash is prejudicial to the growth of beet-root, and greatly injures its quality by introducing a salt entirely contrary to its organization. The manufacture of sugar from this substance is now carried on in almost every part of France.

*Arum Colocasia.*—M. Loiseleur Deslongchamps has just published a memoir on the Colocasium, inviting the landholders of the south of France to cultivate it as an article of food. It was so used by the earliest Egyptians; the Saracens brought it into Portugal, and thence it has been introduced into the western hemisphere. M. Loiseleur Deslongchamps says, that the tubercles are much firmer than those of the potato, and are less insipid and sweeter than the chestnut, which they resemble in flavour: they are excellent when dressed as a salad, eaten with butter, or mixed with meat; they thrive perfectly well in the botanic garden at Toulon, and will bear a great degree of cold. The frost sometimes destroys the uppermost bud, but there are off-sets which will renew the plant. These off-sets are always planted out by the Egyptians in the month of May, in a well worked soil, two feet apart, and require much irrigation. They are dug up in September, and the full grown tubercles are as large as the head of a child.

*Curious Horse.*—A French paper assures the public, that at the castle of Voyan, near Trebon, there is a young horse, which has changed colour three times: at two years of age he was a bright bay, he then became a dappled grey, and soon after resumed his first colour. At the present moment long white stripes are beginning to form on the back and shoulders.

*Snails.*—According to the recent observations of M. Steinheim, member of the Academy of Sciences at Munich, snails do not entirely live on vegetable food, but are highly carnivorous, even eating the living earthworm.

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